WOODROW WILSON

by
THE EDITORS OF
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CHAPTER 1

SETTING THE STAGE

Andrew Jackson and Woodrow Wilson, the two outstanding Democrats in the presidential line since Jefferson, were both of Scots-Irish descent, a racial heritage more than usually potent in the shaping of their careers. They were both Southerners and Presbyterians, and both also became the supreme leaders in the Democratic party at times of political stress. When the need came for using the power belonging to the presidential office, both, too, were autocrats. There parallels cease. Fundamental differences take their place.

One was distinctly of the people, a realist deriving [illegible] books; an idealist whose career had been cast in the cloistered ways of learning, who evolved a theory of democracy that sprang from the very roots of the American governmental system and aimed to spread itself over the world in a great brotherhood of nations.

James Wilson, Woodrow's grandfather, first of the Wilsons to seek his fortune in this country, sailed from County Down, Ireland, for the United States in 1807. Romance developed on the long voyage overseas. James, an eager youth of twenty, indulging fine hopes of advancement to be plucked from the New World, did not remain idle.

Anne Adams, a girl of sixteen, was a passenger on the same ship. Just why she too, hailing either from County Down or County Antrim, was an immigrant to the United States does not appear. At any rate, James and Anne, as frequently happens on transatlantic voy-

ages, fell in love with each other. The year after they landed in Philadelphia they were married. Both being strong in the Presbyterian faith—as were most Scots-Irish immigrants—the Rev. George C. Potts, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, married them. The Kirk, with all its compelling severities, was from first to last an important factor in the ancestral background of the twenty-seventh President of the United States.

James Wilson, the twenty-one-year-old bridegroom, was a printer and a newspaperman with an abiding faith in democracy. Arriving in Philadelphia he found employment on *The Aurora*, a periodical published at 15 Franklin Square, once the home of that high priest of American journalism, Ben Franklin. William Duane was its editor. Within five years after his arrival on the scene Jimmy Wilson gained control of the paper, but did not keep it for long. Adventure was in his blood and the West beckoned to him. By the year 1815 he was in Ohio, proprietor and editor of the *The Western Herald and Steubenville Gazette*, engaging, later on, through the blood dripping columns of that uncompromising periodical, in a fight to the death with Andrew Jackson and all his works.

Large families—as well as political battles—were the rule in those days, and before the twelfth year of his married life was past Jimmy and Anne Wilson rejoiced in a flock numbering seven sons and three daughters.

The youngest of the sons, Joseph Ruggles Wilson, was born in 1822 at Steubenville, Ohio. Like the rest of his brothers he was brought up to be a printer, but after a brief experience with a small newspaper of his own creation he turned to the Presbyterian Church. He was ordained a preacher in 1847. That same year he met Jessie Woodrow, daughter of the first of the Woodrows to settle in the United States.

Jessie's father, the Rev. Thomas Woodrow, was a Presbyterian clergyman, distinguished for his learning and eloquence. All the Woodrows, indeed, were either

active churchmen or else ardent workers in the field of education. The Rev. Thomas Woodrow, American pioneer of the clan, graduate of Glasgow University, had arrived in New York in 1836. There his wife died after a short illness, leaving him a family of eight children. Happily, Isabella Williamson, their maternal aunt who had come from Scotland with them, assumed the care of the motherless flock with apparently excellent results. After an unsuccessful attempt to "raise a congregation" in Canada, the Reverend Thomas moved to Ohio, settling in Chillicothe, where for twelve years he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

It was during this period that his daughter Jessie, a pupil at the female seminary in Steubenville, met Joseph Ruggles Wilson, a teacher at the Steubenville Academy, still awaiting a call to preach in the Presbyterian Church. A courtship of two years followed. Then, on June 7, 1849, Jessie and Joseph were married, the father of the bride performing the ceremony. A church in Chartiers, Pennsylvania, offered the Reverend Joseph his first pastorate. Shortly after this, in 1855, he received a call from the First Presbyterian Church of Staunton, Virginia. Staunton, one of Virginia's oldest towns, was thoroughly Southern in its manners and customs, saturated with a history that extended far back into the colonial epoch. Here the Wilsons, with their two small daughters, made their home in the Manse, where, on December 28, 1856, a son was born to them. He was named Thomas Woodrow, after his mother's father.

Four months after Tommy's birth his mother described him as "a fine healthy fellow, much larger than either of the others and just as fat as he can be." She assured Tommy's grandfather, to whom she was writing, that he was always considered by everyone who saw him a "beautiful baby" and "as good as he can be." According to Dr. Woodrow, he was not only "very plump and fat" but "dignified enough to be Moderator of the General Assembly.

Clergymen with small pastorates and ambition to provide well for their families have a habit of moving from one town to another. By the time Tommy was a year old his family took him from his native Virginia to Augusta, Georgia, where his father became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

From the Manse in Augusta comes the boy's first recorded impression. When he was four years old, standing in his father's gateway, a man ran down the road, shouting, "Mr. Lincoln is elected! There's going to be a war!" "Catching the intense tones of his excited voice," Wilson recalled in an address on Abraham Lincoln in 1909, "I remember running in to ask my father what he meant."

During the next four years the South struggled through the fires and passions of the most terrible war ever fought in this country. The Wilsons were in the midst of it all and thoroughly Southern in their sympathies; but in Tommy's memories of this tragic period nothing of sectional prejudice lingered to distort his view of what had happened around him. Once he stood, proud as a small boy could be, at the side of Robert E. Lee, and looked, as he retold the experience many years afterward, admiringly into the great warrior's face. Another time he saw Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens taken by a detachment of Federal soldiery to their prison in the North.

Somber enough were all these matters, dramatic events that would sink indelibly into the mind of any boy. Tommy never forgot them. All his life he prided himself on being a Southerner, but the animosities bred of the Civil War were not for him. He stressed the influences that his home, the locality in which he was born, the environment that surrounded his boyhood, had upon him. He confessed that he was "obliged to say again and again that the only place in the country, the only place in the world where nothing has to be explained to me is the South."

Scholarship, a wide and fertile knowledge of books,

pervaded the home of the Wilsons in Augusta. However, despite his "dignity" as a baby, Tommy showed no precocious aptitude for learning. If he had a brain of more than ordinary capacity it remained fallow during those early years.

Dr. Wilson used to regale his family by readings from Dickens, the literary favorite of the day. Also there were occasional ventures into the romances of Scott or the tales of Cooper. Tommy's father had an excellent voice, an enviable knack for making vivid whatever of pathos or humor the printed page contained. Doubtless his son listened and enjoyed what he heard, but the inspiration and entertainment lying between the covers of a book were not for him until boyhood was well on the wane. "Backward," "lazy," he was accounted. That fine heritage of intellectual vigor handed down by the Woodrows and the Wilsons seemed to have missed its mark in him. He was nine years old before he mastered the alphabet. He could read after a fashion at the age of eleven. His first book happened to be that most popular of all American biographies, *The Life of Washington,* by Parson Weems.

The routine and discipline of public school were not for Tommy. Physically he was weak, his health delicate, uncertain. He wore spectacles. Notwithstanding these handicaps he had a flair for organizing the boys of his acquaintance into various social and athletic activities. Thus he founded the Lightfoot Club. Although baseball was the principal occupation of its members, Tommy drew up and enforced a set of rules that give it the color of a parliamentary debating society. Tommy himself was president of the club, also the baseball coach. Although not a good player, his coaching was sufficiently effective to win for the Lightfoots victories from the baseball teams of neighboring towns and villages.

Doubtless these distractions in the way of sport may have had something to do with Tommy's belated record in learning the alphabet and reading. But the early association with his fellows, the fun of organizing

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Scholarship, a wide and fertile knowledge of books,

who could appreciate the new dominie's brilliant oratory and erudition. Tommy thrived in the learned atmosphere. His life's ambition stirred within him. At the age of sixteen he declared to a cousin of his, to whom he had been pointing out a portrait hanging above the parental desk: "That is Gladstone, the greatest statesman that ever lived. I intend to be a statesman too."

Boyhood was behind him. Manhood arose, an Arabian Night's dream. Neither the church nor pedagogy appealed to him. To become a leader in the affairs of nations, only that seemed worth while. To be like Gladstone, a man who made and destroyed empires; how much more fascinating that would be than to follow the family tradition, splitting hairs of theology, cramming Greek roots down reluctant throats!

But there was much to be done before the Gladstone ideal [illegible] ears the family [illegible] ela-ware, whi [illegible] in Charlotte, [illegible] the trustees of this institution of learning, which was, needless to say, thoroughly sound in its Presbyterianism. It is perhaps, regrettable to record that Tommy failed to make a record at Davidson that in any way lifted him above the average in scholarship. His father's tutoring, excellent though it may have been in the building of character, had failed to contribute the material that colleges normally exact of their students.

Tommy's ill health, moreover, was a serious handicap. Poring over books and taking down lectures told on him. But he kept up his baseball practice, in which he was usually center field, with a fairly good average as a batter. "Tommy Wilson would be a good player if he weren't so damned lazy," was the verdict of a fellow student. But his principal interest did not lie either in the classroom or the baseball field. The debating society engrossed him. In those days the boys were discussing such questions as: "Was the [illegible] Lincoln beneficial to the South?" "Was John

Booth a patriot?" Tommy's first appearance as a debater was on the negative side of the problem: "Resolved: that republicanism is a better form of government than a limited monarchy."

Bad health put an untimely period to his experiences at Davidson College. Within a year he was back in Wilmington, suffering from a complete physical breakdown. Upon his recovery, at the age of nineteen in 1875, he entered Princeton College. Dr. McCosh was president at the time. In the controversy then raging he was a strong upholder of the evolution theory and had the enthusiastic backing of Dr. Wilson and his son.

Princeton offered a wider field both in scholarship and in contacts with men of affairs than Tommy had hitherto enjoyed. While there he still kept up his active interest in athletics. During his avid researches in his favorite topic he discovered the English writer, Bagehot, whose views on political economy became a powerful influence in the formation of his ideas.

Another discovery was embodied in a letter to his father which he wrote during his second year at Princeton. "I have a first-class mind," he announced to Dr. Wilson. The series of intellectual experiences that he went through at Princeton give pith and meaning to the somewhat unusual declaration. A fellow student records of him that he alone had a "definite purpose in going to college."

Remembering that he had already announced his special interest in public affairs, that he had in mind the purpose of devoting himself to the cultivation of that [illegible] not [illegible] his [illegible] nore year, the country staged the most exciting of all the presidential campaigns in its history, the contest between Rutherford B. Hayes and Samuel J. Tilden. When the end came and Hayes was made President, the indignation of the Democrats throughout the country rose to fever heat. "Fraud!" was the cry. "The presidency

is being stolen from the man who is the choice of the people!" Hotheads talked of war. The foundations of the government seemed to be crumbling away. It was a debacle rare in political history. Tilden, however, accepted the situation calmly, restraining the ardor of his followers and laughing at the idea of another civil war—and Hayes took up the duties of the Presidency without opposition. But the experience through which the country had passed inevitably set the observant Princeton sophomore's mind working as never before on problems of government.

Was the American system, as laid down by the fathers, without its defects? Did the Constitution, as it was being interpreted, furnish the most just as well as the most democratic channel for a nation's development? Why was it, he asked, that of late years there had been a dearth of orators, men capable of expounding their political faith with a sincerity and eloquence that could sway multitudes? The Patrick Henrys, the Daniel Websters, what had become of them in this age of pettifogging politicians? Other nations had them, these great orators, molders of public opinion. There was Gladstone, for one. The English Constitution, apparently, gave to the people a voice more directly and clearly heard than seemed possible under the political conditions into which the United States was drifting. How could effective leadership be maintained where the decisions of government were not the result of eloquent debate in the halls of Congress, but were chopped up, emasculated, left in the hands of Congressional committees?

In his senior year the germ of these ideas found its way into a brilliant essay which Tommy, now Woodrow, Wilson, wrote under the title, *Cabinet Government in the United States.* The essay was offered and accepted by *The International Review*, a magazine on whose editorial staff was Henry Cabot Lodge.

In the same year Wilson graduated from Princeton and returned to Wilmington. His father was proud

him, proud of the record he had made as an original thinker and debater, proud of the paper on political history that he had written. Nevertheless, there was a touch of regret in Dr. Wilson's rejoicings. Politics, statesmanship—these were not the things that the old preacher had hoped for his son. "Oh, my boy," he is said to have exclaimed after reading one of his beloved Tommy's early essays, "how I wish you had entered the ministry with all that genius of yours!"

CHAPTER 2

THE LAW AND MARRIAGE

"Senator from Virginia." It was thus that Woodrow pictured himself years before he entered college. There was no mistaking his purpose in life.

At Princeton the studies that he put his heart into had for their goal a political career. History, the profundities of government, oratory—these were the weapons with which he would capture the great prize.

Not only did he sharpen his wits in debating political problems, he cultivated his voice, he elaborated whatever gifts of persuasiveness he might have, after the right Demosthenes tradition. In the shelter of Potter's Field at Princeton, or else, on week days, in his father's empty church at Wilmington, he tried out the famous orations that had played their part in the making of history. Those who by some rare chance heard these booming declamations might think him mad. He cared nothing for their opinion. They could not guess the intense seriousness underlying his vocal gymnastics. He expounded to shadows, but there was substance in his speech.

Yes, he would be a master of statecraft, a leader of public opinion, "Senator from Virginia." But the enthusiastic college graduate, aged twenty-two, a little *over five feet eleven in height* and *delicate in health*, home again in Wilmington, found it harder to attain his ambition than he had imagined. Even with the prestige gained from that article on cabinet government published in *The International Review*, there was no demand for youthful statesmen, their heads bulging with new ideas on the subject of government. Politics seemed incredibly foreign to the paternal Manse. An interminable line of ancestral ministers and teachers obscured the horizon. Something else was needed to blaze the

into that covered world where the destinies of nations were settled.

The law ! To get into politics, first become a lawyer. If all politicians were not lawyers, many lawyers were politicians. History, ancient or modern, easily bore that out. Congress, certainly, was full of lawyers. So, not because he liked it, but merely as a means to achieve a great end, Woodrow chose the law for his profession. With this in view he became a student at the University of Virginia before the year was out.

It was good to be back in his native State. The university, situated in Charlottesville, was within a short distance of Monticello, the home of Jefferson. But in those days Wilson, "somewhat of a Federalist"—so he considered himself—was not quite ready for the Jeffersonian interpretation of American democracy. During his entire stay in Charlottesville the historic shrine of Monticello failed to receive from him the homage of a single visit.

He was strong in his Southern sympathies, none stronger ; but he astonished his fellow students by his intense belief in the Union of the States. "I rejoice in the failure of the Confederacy," he declared in an oration on John Bright published in the university magazine. Then he went on to depict the calamities that would have prostrated the South had the Union been, as he put it, divided into two separate and independent sovereignties. In spite of this attitude, inimical to Southern prejudice at a time almost within hailing distance of the Civil War, Wilson's life at the University of Virginia was filled with friendships, many of which endured to the close of his career.

Also there was romance—Wilson's first love affair. In his native town of Staunton, his cousin, Harriet—Hattie—Woodrow, was attending the Augusta Female Seminary. Although a mountain separated Staunton from Charlottesville, Woodrow found it not too difficult to climb. On more than one occasion he visited the

young lady, finding her extremely fascinating. Her kinsfolk lived at Chillicothe, Ohio. Thither, later on, went young Lochinvar, discovering that a vacation with his relatives was essential to his well-being. During his visit he offered himself to Cousin Hattie. She seemed to him the very epitome of all that was lovely in woman. But the young lady proved inexorable. Her cousin's suit, eloquently pressed, was rejected ; romance came to an end.

There was humor in Woodrow. With that strong Scotch-Irish strain in his blood there was bound to be a dash of its saving salt coursing through his veins. The ability to inject fun, nonsense, into what were usually formal, prosaic occasions made this intensely serious student of political history and the law a favorite with his fellows. Although not conspicuous as an athlete, the university authorities appointed him master of ceremonies when medals for physical prowess were distributed. He could manage such matters as no one else, throwing in impromptu verse when opportunity offered, and all with a charm and sprightliness not to be found elsewhere in the student body.

His gaiety, his inexhaustible fund of repartee, his effectiveness as a speaker made him prominent in the social life of the university. But the burden of his studies together with his outside activities proved more than his always delicate constitution could bear. By the end of 1880 he was home in Wilmington, his health completely broken.

For a year and a half thereafter he studied law by himself. After the diversions of Charlottesville the lonely grind over a subject for which he had scant liking was dismal enough.

His task ended, he went to Atlanta, a thriving, growing city where he hoped to establish a profitable law practice. Georgia's future metropolis was all that Wilson expected in the way of enterprise and opportunity. True, Atlanta's population was nothing to boast of, just a little over thirty-seven thousand; but

industrially, the bustling town gave unmistakable promise that it would become the center of the New South. Certainly it offered excellent chances for an alert attorney to build up a huge business.

Wilson lost no time. E. J. Renick, a former student at the University of Virginia, was in the city on a similar mission. The two nursed the same enthusiasms, the same ideals and quickly became friends. A business partnership was formed—"Renick & Wilson, Attorneys-at-law, Atlanta, Georgia." Their shingle swung high from Room Ten, second floor back, 48 Marietta Street.

Unfortunately, the expected army of clients failed to materialize. But there was a delightful, if profitless, plunge into the solution of political problems. Bagehot was more refreshing than Blackstone any day. A Congressional Tariff Commission arrived in Atlanta, gathering statistics as to the effect of a prohibitive tax on foreign manufacturers. Woodrow, filled with the ardor of youth, took up, at a public hearing, the cudgels for free trade. His head bristling with arguments, he proceeded to demolish the protective theory.

"I maintain," he declared, "that manufacturers are made better manufacturers whenever they are thrown upon their own resources and left to the natural competition of trade, rather than when they are told: 'You shall be held in the lap of the Government and you need not stand upon your feet.' "

"Are you advocating the repeal of all tariff laws?" one of the commissioners asked.

The answer was sharp and to the point: "Of all protective tariff laws; of establishing a tariff for revenue merely."

A newspaper man, a Southerner, Walter Hines Page, of the New York *World*, accompanied the commission. Page was delighted with Wilson's fulminations. They put fire into his own political be-

liefs. A warm friendship sprang up between the two. Before the echoes from the tariff discussion died away, Wilson, backed by Page and other friends, all palpitating with the same convictions, launched an Atlanta branch of the Free Trade Group of New York. As a debating society it was a success, but the firm of Renick & Wilson, in whose solitary room the group had been organized, continued looking vainly for clients.

Wilson was admitted to the bar on October 19, 1882. That permitted him to practice in the State of Georgia. Later on, the privilege was extended to the Federal courts, but neither in the state nor in the nation did these legal privileges help the firm of Renick & Wilson. Its practice was confined to waiting for clients who never came. Not a client! Atlanta might be all that people said it was, a growing city, prosperous, aggressive, a railroad center; but it happened to be full of lawyers. There was not elbow room for half of them. After a year of profitless waiting, in the spring of 1883, Renick & Wilson—"with rejoicings," wrote the junior partner—joined the caravan marching under the banner of blasted hopes.

Toward the end of his Atlanta experiences, business for his mother took Woodrow to the nearby town of Rome. Affairs connected with the family fortunes were to be looked into there, and Mrs. Wilson, their one and only client, selected Renick & Wilson as her attorneys to handle her interests. It was a small matter, as such things go, but the youthful lawyer's visit to Rome turned out to be the greatest event in his life.

On Sunday morning, true to his religious upbringing, he attended the First Presbyterian Church. The Reverend Doctor Axson was the preacher. While waiting for the services to begin, Woodrow's attention was riveted by a young woman who entered the church and walked slowly down the aisle. She was about his own age, dressed in deep black; a small child clung to her

hand. "A widow," said Woodrow to himself. She was golden haired, eyes of dark brown. There might be more beautiful women in the world, but none that he had seen. Not even Cousin Hattie. He watched her spellbound. Marlowe's famous line hummed through his head ; this was indeed a case of love at first sight.

The church services over, through a relative, Mrs. Bones, he discovered that the young woman who had so fascinated him was not, as Wilson had surmised, a widow, but the daughter of the minister. Her name was Ellen Louise Axson.

A meeting followed, then visits at the Manse. Ellen Axson, in mourning for her mother, was at the head of Dr. Axson's little household. The lovelorn Atlanta lawyer found her all and more than his fancy painted. Her charm was inescapable. Moreover, unlike the ladies he had met—they were ladies, not women, in those days—she had a mind of extraordinary brilliance and culture. Her reading, her intellectual interests were, indeed, he began to discover, wider than his own. She was inclined to be serious—her friends called her a man hater—while he was fun-loving, a *preux chevalier* in search of adventure. Always he elicited her sympathy, an invigorating response to longings and ambitions he had been unable to put into words until now.

Before the year was out they were engaged. There was small prospect of an early marriage. The clientless lawyer left Atlanta, glad to rid himself of an irksome, profitless profession, and entered Johns Hopkins. Though the heavens might fall, he would still be a statesman. In his application for permission to pursue a postgraduate course, he did not put it just that way. As he declared.

My purpose in coming to the university is to [illegible]

tutional history upon which I have already bestowed some attention.

Wilson's Johns Hopkins record repeated many of the triumphs as well as some of the untoward experiences that had been his at the University of Virginia. His engaging personality won him a host of friends; his wit, his eloquence made him a leader in the debating society; he reorganized the literary society, giving it a new constitution and a new name, the Hopkins House of Commons. Then there was the dark cloud. He worked so indefatigably over his studies that his health broke down, forcing him to snatch a brief period of rest in Wilmington.

But the graduate course at Johns Hopkins was not finished. Neither had he expressed in continuous, logical fashion the ideas growing out of that first published essay of his, *Cabinet Government.* The theme, as it gradually developed in his brain, could be given coherence and the amplitude of fact and argument that it required only in a book. In spite of ill health he set about writing it during his vacation at the Manse in Wilmington. Completed after his return to Johns Hopkins, the manuscript was sent out to the publishers. Weeks went by before Woodrow, now a very much depressed author, had word of his literary fledgling's fate. A brief letter, conveying momentous decisions, reached him. Houghton Mifflin Company would publish the book, *Congressional Government.* The terms offered were roseate in their promise of good things.

When *Congressional Government* appeared, on January 24, 1885, the Wilson fortunes seemed assured. With a keen insight rarely shown by students of the subject, the book compared the governmental systems of England and the United States. It made a fine impression on the reviewers; as a stimulating writer on political history Wilson's name was established.

Before *Congressional Government* appeared, its author obtained from Johns Hopkins the $500 fellowship he had asked for when he entered the university as a graduate student. This relieved the monetary difficulties with which he had been struggling. It also

brought certain educational advantages that had not been his before.

As a writer his reputation extended beyond the confines of the university. There were offers from other educational institutions, among them one from Bryn Mawr, asking him to become associate professor of history and political economy; salary, $500. With $500 in his pocket and these golden prospects ahead, everything seemed possible. The prevailing wish of his heart could be fulfilled—marriage with the girl he had met two years before at the little church in Rome. They had seen little of each other since that memorable time, but the letters passing between them were filled with intimate confidences and had bound them, as love-letters sometimes do, inseparably together. "He is the greatest man in the world, and the best," Ellen Axson told her brother, a glowing estimate that was never dimmed or qualified.

So they were married in that red-letter year of 1885, on June 24 in the Manse of the Independent Presbyterian Church of Savannah. After a honeymoon spent in Arden, North Carolina, they settled down in Bryn Mawr, where Wilson took up his work as professor of history.

Teaching girls was not exactly to Woodrow's taste. The higher education of women seemed to him of secondary importance to a knowledge of housewifery, how to run a home, bring up a family of children. Nevertheless, his stay at Bryn Mawr afforded him [illegible] g his favorite studies, [illegible] by his wife. To the [illegible] political ideas it is of special interest that during his professorship at Bryn Mawr he published an article in the *Political Science Quarterly* in which is foreshadowed the ultimate federation of all nations, after the pattern of the United States, in one great central brotherhood. As he envisioned it:

There is a tendency—is there not?—a tendency as

yet dim, but already steadily impulsive and clearly

type—of governments joined with governments for the pursuit of common purposes, in honorary equality and honorable subordination.

CHAPTER 3

TEACHER AND ORATOR

On the upper floor of a cottage called the Betweenery, at Bryn Mawr, the Wilsons passed the first years of their married life together. They were unclouded, joyous years. There may have been no skirling of bagpipes in honor of long lines of learned Scotch ancestors, but tradition pictures the tall, bespectacled professor of history, his Irish blood tingling in his veins, dancing a jig, a silk hat set at a rakish angle on his head, eyes snapping, his long legs going through amazing convolutions. Jokes, funny stories, limericks kept the Betweenery bright with laughter. Visitors carried away with them the indelible impression of an ideally happy home.

All was not humor and gaiety, of course. Nevertheless, the intensely serious purpose of Wilson's life had taken on a new charm since his marriage. Time was when he had wandered alone over the fields at Princeton, coming by slow travail to his intellectual birth. In those days his only companion had been a book—Shelley, usua[illegible]
dwelling on passage [illegible]
eager, responsive m[illegible]
"An Ode to the V[illegible]
poet's longing for [illegible]
was akin to his.

> "Scatter ... my words among mankind!
> Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
> The trumpet of a prophecy!"

Now his wife faced him across the table piled high with books. She was learning German so that she might help him in his research work. To her he poured out his plans, his political philosophy as it developed step by step; with her he could talk of the books he

loved—yes, and learn much that had hitherto escaped him. For Ellen, the golden-haired, rich in all housewifely talents, had read more widely than he. Also she was something of a painter. During their engagement she had studied art in New York and might have had a career of her own if she had desired.

She initiated him into the mysteries of music and he reciprocated by singing for her in his fine tenor voice, arousing her sometimes from her quiet seriousness by his gay tone. "Woodrow, you know you don't mean that," she would protest. "Madam, I ventured to think I thought that until you corrected me," he would answer.

Theirs was a happy married life, but practical, outside matters were not progressing as they should. To begin with, there was Woodrow's work. He had an increasing sense of failure about it. He seemed to be parceling out neat bundles of facts to students who handled them silently, gravely, then restored them to him in their examination papers. The unresponsiveness exasperated him. *Teaching did not mean that* *It should stimulate* the pupil's mind, make him eager for discussion, argument—anything, in short, so long as it created interest and intellectual activities. "The mind is not a prolix gut to be stuffed!" Facts for their own sake had little attraction for Wilson. It was not for this that he had dreamed high dreams.

Ellen, too, was having her difficulties. The salary which had appeared so splendid when they were married seemed appallingly meager in actual practice. With characteristic Southern hospitality they had flung wide their doors to their respective families and though delighting in their guests they found the problem of providing for them a perplexing one. In the spring of 1886 they closed the German books at which they had been working together and Ellen returned to Georgia, where their first child, Margaret, was born. Woodrow, unable to accompany her on account of his lectures, was torn with anxiety.

He was not idle, however. In spite of his limited strength, Bryn Mawr had not used up all his energies. There was something in him that drove him always to consume the last ounce. So much remained to be done!

He set to work on an ambitious project—the writing of a book in which he would examine the governments of all nations. As though this were not enough, in the months following the birth of his daughter, he paid a flying visit to Johns Hopkins, where, successfully passing the examination, he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Birth and death marked Wilson's last year at Bryn Mawr. A second daughter, Jessie Woodrow, was born in October; in the following April news came of the sudden death of the woman after whom she had been named, Wilson's mother. These events were followed by an advantageous offer from Wesleyan University.

Although the teaching of girls had been, as Wilson viewed it, an unsuccessful and rather trying experiment, he and his small family set out for Middletown, Connecticut, with some trepidation. The uprooting of their first home was a painful process. With their Southern habits and training, would they not feel like foreigners in a New England village? But their fears, as it turned out, were groundless. In Middletown they found a more congenial life than they had yet known.

During the two happy years spent at Wesleyan a third child was born to them, Eleanor Randolph. In the same year the book which Wilson had begun on his arrival at Bryn Mawr was published under the title of *The State*. The tireless student of political history celebrated its completion by starting another book. The virus of authorship was in his blood. It created a longing for a wider field of experience than was possible either at Bryn Mawr or Wesleyan.

At last the chance came. In 1890 he was offered the professorship of jurisprudence and political economy

in his own alma mater, Princeton. Here he quickly found himself in his element, while the students who attended his classes were not slow to realize that something rare had come into their college routine. From the first he won their interest and admiration. Lectures in flowing prose, conspicuous for their luminous phrase and clarity of expression, delivered with that intimate yet dramatic method of speech he had long since mastered, were an innovation and a delight. His teaching evoked eager response, heated debate. He made learning what he believed it should be, an adventure. Time after time he was voted the most popular professor. His work as coach in athletics counted for something in this favorable estimate, but it was his advocacy while on the Discipline Committee of a radical modification of the rules hitherto enforced that first endeared him to the student body.

The reform, consisting of the adoption of the honor system to replace the old-time supervision of the conduct of students by the college authorities, was really due to Mrs. Wilson. The activities of the Discipline Committee perplexed her. When she appeared on the campus or the students dropped in to see her, as they had a habit of doing, she asked them about it. "Wouldn't you prefer," she questioned, "to be on your own honor rather than to be under constant supervision?" "Of course we would," they chorused in reply. So it was that the honor system came to Princeton.

Freedom to think their own thoughts and to act as their better instincts impelled them, had always been the rule in the upbringing of the three small daughters in the Wilson household. No such liberty-loving individualist as the Princeton professor of political economy could tolerate tyranny or an exaggerated paternalism in his family. As Margaret Wilson reminisced on that golden period :

I do not remember a single precept that was forced upon us, we were not ruled by precepts from our parents ; our conduct was governed by example, by

atmosphere of happiness pervading the home in which we lived.

With the publication of *The State*, Wilson took up the writing of *Division and Reunion*, a discussion of the Civil War and Reconstruction, which was completed and published in 1893. There was no indication in the work that its author belonged to a section of the country which had suffered from the war and still felt the bitterness of defeat. His detached view proved so sane in its treatment of an inflammable subject that the book has come to be used as the standard text in many schools in the North and South. In the same year two other volumes were published, *Mere Literature* and *An Old Master*, containing historical essays, portraits of the men who had helped build America: Hamilton, Jefferson, Lincoln. In 1896 appeared a biography of George Washington, followed by a *History of the American People*, written, as the author confessed, so that he might learn something of the subject.

In his last book, *Constitutional Government*, he brought together and viewed from a new angle all that he had written on the functions and operation of various branches of the American government. It is not only a lucid discussion of the practical working of the departments under the Constitution, but a commentary involving many of the outstanding factors in his own political philosophy, expressed with the sharpness of epigram, and the logic of a well-trained mind.

> Liberty fixed by unalterable law would be not liberty at all. Government is a part of life, and, with life, it must change, alike in its objects and in its practises—...Self-government is not a thing that can be [illegible]
>
> action. The constitutional structure of the government has hampered and limited his action in these significant roles, but it has not prevented it.

There are passages in *Constitutional Government* which have a prophetic sound when one remembers the great historical events in which Wilson became a leading figure. Thus:

> One of the greatest of the President's powers I have not yet spoken of at all; his control, which is very absolute, of the foreign relations of the nation. The initiative in foreign affairs, which the President possesses without any restriction whatever, is virtually the power to control them absolutely. The President
>
> the government are to be maintained He need disclose no step of negotiation until it is complete, and when in any critical matter it is completed the government is virtually committed. Whatever its disinclination, the Senate may feel itself committed also.

By 1896, the year in which his *George Washington* was published, Wilson was regarded as one of the most prominent men in his field. In the same year Princeton came of age. Hitherto it had been known as the College of New Jersey. Now, on its sesquicentennial anniversary, it was acclaimed as Princeton University. Wilson was chosen to herald the great day, calling the address which he delivered on the occasion *Princeton in the Nation's Service*. In it he emphasized the university's duty to train men for service to the country:

> The object of education is not merely to draw out the powers in the individual mind; it is rather its object

thought, should ever have been deemed an unsafe man in affairs.

The closing paragraph of this address has taken

place among the memorable examples of English prose:

> I have had sight of the perfect place of learning in my thought: a free place, and a various, where no man could be and not know with how great a destiny knowledge had come into the world—itself a little world; but not preplexed, living with a singleness of aim not known without; the home of sagacious men, hard-headed and with a will to know, debaters of the world's questions every day and used to the rough ways of democracy and yet a place removed—calm Science seated there, recluse, ascetic, like a nun; not knowing that the world passes, not caring, if the truth but come in answer to her prayer; and Literature, walking within her open doors, in quiet chambers, with men of olden time, storied walls about her, and calm voices infinitely sweet; here "magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn," to which you may withdraw and use your youth for pleasure; there windows open straight upon the street, where many stand and talk, intent upon the world of man and business. A place where ideals are kept in heart in an air they can breathe; but no fool's paradise. A place where to hear the truth about the past and hold debate about [illegible]
>
> talk; its care to know more than the moment brings to light; slow to take excitement, its air pure and wholesome with a breath of faith; every eye within it bright in the clear day and quick to look toward heaven for the confirmation of its hope. Who shall show us the way to this place?

Echoes of Wilson's address were heard far beyond the confines of the "perfect place of learning." Mrs. Wilson, in an exuberant letter to a friend, declared that the Princeton men fell on her husband's neck and wept for joy. Those who could not reach him, she added, were shaking each other's hands and congratulating each

other in a perfect frenzy of delight. Felicitations from the outside world poured in upon him. Wilson was emerging from the chrysalis of academic life; the dreams of youth were beginning to take on an aspect of reality.

Earlier in the year he had suffered from one of the breakdowns which overwhelmed him so often in the midst of his activities. To regain his health he had gone abroad for the summer, his first visit to Europe. There, remaining in Britain, he made a pilgrimage to the shrines of those who had most enriched his life, visiting the tomb of Adam Smith, the cottage where Burns was born, stopping to pick a flower at Wordsworth's home, seeking the grave of Edmund Burke, exploring the Shakespeare country. Twice he repeated the delightful experience during the next few years, his wife accompanying him in 1903, when they took a short trip through the country which he so loved, a country that was rich for them both in memories of those who had contributed so much to their aspirations and ideals.

Before this third jaunt to Europe a momentous change had taken place in Wilson's career. Ever since the Princeton celebration of 1896, when his address attracted such wide attention, his outstanding qualities as a teacher, his broad conception of the place of a university in human life and national development, his fame as a speaker, all were bearing fruit. Other institutions of learning turned their attention to this Princeton man. Tentative proposals were made to him. Within a short space of time, he was offered the presidency of five universities.

The climax came when, in June, 1902, President Patton announced his resignation from Princeton. Until then the university's head had always been chosen from the ministry. In spite of this custom, Dr. Patton suggested that he should be succeeded by Professor Woodrow Wilson. The Board of Trustees acted at the offer was made, and Wilson accepted.

CHAPTER 4

THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS

Woodrow Wilson was forty-six years old when he became president of Princeton University. He was in full vigor, at the pinnacle of his powers, on that October day when he delivered his inaugural address He stood at last on an eminence from which he was able to pierce the future, and a glorious one he found it.

The prodding conscience of his, however, did not allow him to indulge in pleasant reflections either on what was past or to come. There was much to do, it reminded him. Long he had studied, lectured and written on government, on democracy. It was time to test his theories, prove their practical value in the life of Princeton. The idea tempted him, but for the moment he put it aside. Colleges being what they were, the first task was to teach students how to think. How to live might come after.

It had been suggested that four years was too long a time to spend in acquiring an education. Couldn't one learn enough in three years? Wilson was impatient. "It takes the Almighty one hundred years to make an oak tree, but he can make a squash in one summer," was his rejoinder. He did not intend to cut down the amount of work in the university course, he meant to increase it. He had no illusions as to the mentality of the average student. He repeated with biting effect the conversation of two freshmen who were discussing the cupola of one of the buildings. "Do you see that gargoyle up there?" said one. "Now, what do you think of that," exclaimed the other. "Two days ago someone called that a gargoyle and now it is all over college."

A university, according to Dr. Wilson, was primarily a place where one rounded out his education

by adding to it knowledge not included in the grammar and high-school curriculum. This idea, apparently, was not shared by the student body. To many of the latter a university had come to mean a delightful clubhouse where, by dint of constant application, one might pick up the qualities of a man of the world, and practically no knowledge at all.

To change this attitude involved the transformation of a system of life and thought with which a majority of the professors and students were well content. That was what the new president attempted. The result was a flurry of activity, a tightening up of the entrance requirements, more difficult examinations. There were howls of discontent. It was outrageous that a gentleman could not live comfortably without having all this thrust upon him. Before the fight was over the weaklings fell out, the number of students decreased, the professorial staff enlarged.

Wilson's vision of the "perfect place of learning" did not stop at forcing facts down a student's throat. While the old barrier between professors and students remained, the latter, he considered, were losing the benefit to be derived from constant association with men fitted by experience and education to stimulate the best that was in them. To achieve this ideal he proposed the preceptorial system. This involved cutting down the size of the classes so that each student might have room for self-development. It also provided that professors were to live in the same dormitories with the students, directing their work, becoming more closely knit with them in a personal relationship.

It was a novel plan; naturally, the conservatives protested. Wilson's personal popularity, however, was proof against their antagonism. His eagerness, his firmness of purpose, his adroit leadership impressed those with whom he came in contact. The wealthy alumni to whom he turned for Assistance responded with alacrity. The younger professors and many of students caught something of the vision which

since dazzled Wilson himself, and with the quick responsiveness of youth to an ideal they gave their unqualified support.

No sooner was the preceptorial system adopted than Wilson plunged into a democratizing program which, if carried out, would *revolutionize* the social life of Princeton. It came to be known as the quadrangle quarrel. Wilson's plan called for new dormitories, to be built about a quadrangle, so that the relation of professor and student living in them, dining in the same halls, upper and lower classmen of all types mingling together, might be made as complete as possible.

Hitherto the social life of the university had centered in more or less exclusive clubs, where class *distinctions and a pervading indifference to scholarship* as compared with athletics were the rule. If the proposed quad system went into effect, the clubs must go. The emphasis on wealth, on games and amusements, was incompatible with Wilson's theory of the academic life. "I will not be the president of a country club," was his terse comment.

Controversy over the proposed social reform spread beyond the confines of the university. Princeton alumni in various part of the country discussed what they *looked upon as an infringement of their rights*, an attempt, as one of them bitterly expressed it, "to make a gentleman eat with a mucker." Wilson, his crusading spirit aroused, put his case before the people. He won acclaim as the man who was bringing democracy into education.

At first the trustees of the university had backed Wilson in his contention, now they sided against him. For a time the quad system gave place to another and more pressing problem.

The need for a graduate school had long been felt at Princeton. A plan was adopted placing Dean West in charge of the undertaking. The graduate school was

to depend for its finances on contributions from outside the campus. Here was an opportunity to discredit the Wilson ideal of a democratized institution of learning.

A half million dollars was offered by a wealthy alumnus to be used by Dean West for the building of the graduate school, its organization and direction to be completely in the dean's hands. Wilson, feeling that this would take a portion of the university from under the president's control and might create a rival branch of the institution able to dictate terms on the strength of its wealth, opposed acceptance of the donation. The offer was accordingly withdrawn.

The Board of Trustees, however, did not relish Wilson's rejection of so great a contribution. Ideals were all very well, but it was money that built schools. A full treasury had a comforting concreteness when opposed to abstract theory. The issue, meanwhile, hung fire.

Princeton had become an open forum for debate. On one side there was President Wilson, doggedly standing by his plans for a democratic system of education; with him were a number of the younger professors—he always appealed irresistibly to youth. Opposed to him were the clubs, an influential portion of the alumni backed by money. And money won the day.

One morning in May, 1910, a reporter entered Wilson's study. He was armed with information calculated to defeat the educational ideal of the man seated before him. Issac Wyman, of Massachusetts, recently dead, had bequeathed $3,000,000, not to Princeton, but to the graduate school, under the supervision of Dean West. The reporter expected an explosion, but he was disappointed. The man at the desk took the news with scarcely a comment.

After the reporter had gone, Ellen Wilson heard her husband laughing. She knew he was alone

the laughter lacked its usual gaiety. Wilson told her what had happened. "We can fight the living," he remarked, "but we cannot fight the dead. The game is up."

He did not grieve over the evident loss of his own leadership. It was the failure of the principle in which he believed and for which he had fought that rankled. Princeton no longer seemed to offer a field for the realization of democratic ideals. The academic life might not be, after all, the only possible sphere for his activities.

For twenty long years the bustle and stir of life outside the walls of a university had grown dim. Now, however, he heard once more the clamor of a busy world and he grew restless. There was so much that he still wanted to do. Several years before the debacle at Princeton, in the winter of 1906, he had attended a dinner at the Lotos Club in New York. During the course of the evening he made a speech, discussing, as he usually did, political problems and principles. When he sat down, Colonel Harvey, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, declared that Wilson was his candidate for the Democratic nomination in the presidential campaign of 1908.

The first meeting of the two men was on the occasion made memorable by the address, "Princeton for the Nation's Service." Wilson's ideas struck Harvey forcibly. Here, he felt, was presidential timber. Bryan, however, still dominated the Democratic party and had been its candidate in the 1908 campaign, in which William Howard Taft was elected.

Wilson did not seem greatly interested in Harvey's attempt to thrust him into the political arena. It did not affect the tone of his public addresses. He did not modify his opinions so that they would fit into the conventionalities—or vacuities—of party bosses. His fight to democratize a great university made him known throughout the country, but not as a political possibility. There had been no Democrat in the White House since Cleveland.

Harvey believed that public opinion was cutting adrift

from its old moorings. The Cleveland era had left a heritage of independent thinking in politics. Theodore Roosevelt was preaching what he called the New Nationalism, and the people did not seem unresponsive. Yes, change was in the air. Who, asked Harvey, could *interpret what was going on so adequately, so eloquently,* as Wilson?

The ambitious editor of *Harper's Weekly* set to work with a will. A President-maker had no time to lose. He interviewed James Smith, Jr., New Jersey's Democratic boss. Would Smith support Wilson for governor? On what terms? growled Smith. Harvey hesitated. His candidate was not the kind to enter into a political deal.

Harvey talked with Wilson: Would he consent to run for governor in the coming campaign? Wilson replied that he was interested. But he seemed content to await the course of events. He agreed to a meeting at which he would talk things over with Smith and Harvey. When the time came, Harvey learned that Wilson had driven off placidly to church. After him raced the President-maker, bringing the prospective candidate back in triumph. Would he accept the nomination? Wilson said he would—if it came to him without the exaction of pledges.

Here was something new in Smith's experience as a political boss. Not that it mattered. Wilson would serve as a sort of show-window figure in the splendid exhibit Smith intended to put on. He did not anticipate *any trouble with this college president. If Wilson wanted* to change his beautiful home, his academic ways, his library lined with books, his lovely garden for the stark ugliness of the halls in which political campaigns are worked out, the milling, shouting, perspiring, shirt-sleeved mobs, that was his lookout.

On September 15 Wilson was duly nominated for the governorship on the Democratic ticket. Looking every inch the scholar and reformer that he was, he faced the convention. "I did not seek this nomination," he the noisy delegates; "I have made no pledges and gi

promises. If elected, as I expect to be, I am left free to serve you with all singleness of purpose. It is a new era when these things can be said."

Boss Smith was not disturbed. He was surprised, later on, at the manner in which the nominee tackled the campaign. In October Wilson resigned from Princeton University and plunged into the business of speechmaking. His eloquence, the issue he stood for, carried his name far beyond the confines of New Jersey. He was elected in November with a majority of forty-nine thousand.

"The whole world," he said in his inaugural address, "has changed within the lifetime of a man not yet in his thirties; the world of business, and therefore the world of society and the world of politics." He stood for the new era. There would be no plodding pace along worn paths for him, but an effort to make his administration the exponent of political progress.

The erstwhile college president, possessed of an energetic, dynamic personality, displayed a definite talent for leadership. Boss Smith learned to his cost that he had misjudged his man. In spite of the understanding that Smith was not to run for office, he immediately announced his candidacy for the Senate. Wilson protested. When Smith persisted, the Governor took the matter before the people. Smith was defeated and an outcry went up from the outraged politicians. "Ingrate!" But the people of New Jersey *took* a new interest in the activities of their executive.

The show-window candidate set to work without delay. He had outlined a program intended to reform the most flagrant abuses in the state, and he was not one to toy with theories in academic fashion. Until his ideas deve- [illegible]

Instead he went to the legislature himself, brought

before that body the reforms he had in mind. Within a few months of his inauguration the major part of his *program was put into practice. It was an amazing* record of achievement: a Direct Primary law, a Corrupt Practices act, an Employer's Liability act, a Public Utilities commission, reforms in municipal administration. Then there were the "seven sisters," as they were popularly called, laws whose purpose it was to protect the public from exploitation by the trusts. Little wonder that New Jersey was breathless at the *speed with which Governor Wilson got things done.*

Colonel Harvey, watching these activities, felt sure that he had found the ideal candidate for the Presidency. He had not learned, however, the lesson implicit in the fate of Boss Smith. Wilson was not to be managed by other men; first and last he was the representative of the New Democracy.

Late in December, 1911, the inevitable break came. Harvey learned to his chagrin that if he represented Wall Street he could not represent Wilson. Harvey's support was repudiated. A month before, however, Wilson had met a silent, gray-haired man from Texas, a man without political ambition, with no wish to exploit a candidate, but who believed so ardently in the principles for which the New Jersey governor stood that he determined to do everything in his power to place him where these progressive political ideals might find wider expression.

This new friend, Colonel House, immediately set to work on his great scheme. As a result, when the Democratic Convention met at Baltimore in 1912, Woodrow Wilson was nominated for the Presidency of the United States on July 2, on the forty-sixth ballot; and it was done with the help of a unique organization consisting largely of men of letters, strong in their political faith, but little versed in practical politics, amusingly unfit, it would seem, to combat the str[illegible] machine that had backed the leading candidate, C[illegible] Clark.

CHAPTER 5

IN THE PRESIDENCY

The Wilson campaign for the Presidency was largely in the hands of enthusiasts gifted with an amusing lack of practical experience in politics. Like an army of crusaders they set out to introduce the name and describe the achievements of their candidate throughout the West, where he was almost unknown. Walter Hines Page, one of the knights carrying the new political "banner with a strange device," declared that west of the Mississippi Wilson was looked upon as "a sort of detached intellect moving freely in space." He believed that since the Roosevelt days the voter was interested in picturesque personalities, not in political issues; hence, it was the human side of Wilson, the man himself, that these doughty warriors had to present to the American people.

Most of the delegates to the Baltimore convention, however, had been pledged to the support of Champ [illegible] with a solid [illegible] d come to be [illegible] is usual, of a [illegible] his nomination this time seemed remote. Until sentiment became more definite he remained noncommittal. Wilson had proved insubordinate to the bosses in his brief political career; he had kept his own counsel, fought for the ideals he believed in, ignored the traditional amenities between party leader and the man in office. His personality, his independence caught the attention of those who were interested in the new currents of political thought. With three candidates in the field it was more than likely that he would win the votes of many of the liberal Republicans who were loath to attach themselves to the cause of the resurgent Roosevelt.

All this was problematic, however; there was much to be said for Clark. Would Bryan—but the silver-tongued orator remained silent. *The tumult and the* shouting continued. The new and the old elements in the Democratic party were unwilling to abandon the struggle. When there came a definite swing away from the machine, Bryan turned his forces to Wilson. With dramatic impressiveness the Illinois delegates threw their votes to the progressive candidate, and the nomination of Wilson followed.

Asked why he had made the change, the head of the delegation confided: "Because my son asked me to."

"But why should that weigh so heavily?"

"Well," he replied slowly, "I feel that my son represents the way the youth of America is feeling. It's idealism, that's what it is. I cannot resist it."

For Wilson the leisurely days of a life dedicated to the tasks of scholarship were over. As governor of New Jersey new problems made constant inroads upon his time. His attitude on public questions, his known tolerance of new political ideas, brought him an avalanche of letters that rose about him in forbidding piles. Asked how he could cope with this overwhelming mass of correspondence: "I am like the Irishman who was eating soup with his fork," he laughed, "and someone offered him a spoon, but he waved it aside and said, 'Oh, it's all right. I am gaining on it.'"

When he became President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson was fifty-six years old, the first Democrat elected to that high office in twenty years. With his victory at the polls his party gained control of both houses of Congress. It was in no spirit of elation, however, that he took up his new duties. "This is not

l; "it is

program

be carried

who *had*

entered the White House accompanied by a stomach pump and a quart of headache tablets, he had set for himself an unusually arduous task. Altogether, he was an amusing contrast with his robust predecessor.

When the inaugural ceremonies were over, the genial outgoing President, William Howard Taft, welcomed the Wilsons at the White House. "It is a delight- [illegible]

Until he actually took office Wilson had given no intimation of the men he would choose to make up his cabinet. Rumor and the newspapers reveled in the opportunity to furnish lists of their own. When the official appointments were made, it appeared that the President had adopted the principle for which he once lauded Grover Cleveland, who, as Wilson put it, "believes that what the government needs at moments of apparent lethargy or demoralization is the infusion of new blood, the disinterestedness of men untainted by party management." With one exception the new cabinet was composed of men almost unknown to the General public :

Secretary of State..............William Jennings Bryan
Secretary of the Treasury.....William G. McAdoo
Secretary of War...............Lindley M. Garrison
Attorney-General..... ..........J.C. McReynolds
Postmaster-General.............Albert S. Burleson
Secretary of the Navy...... . Josephus Daniels
Secretary of the Interior......Franklin K. Lane
Secretary of Agriculture......D.F. Houston
Secretary of Commerce ......William C. Redfield
Secretary of Labor.......... .W.B. Wilson

The cabinet appointments were followed by a statement issued the day after the inauguration. "The President regrets that he is obliged to announce that he deems it his duty to decline to see applicants for office

in person, except when he himself invites the interview." *At last the burden which had been fallen with appalling* weight upon every President was to be lifted. The ship of state was clearing its decks for action.

The logic of the new rule was irrefragable. It was impossible for the Chief Executive to form a personal opinion, with anything like thoroughness, of the applicants for the thousands and thousands of offices at his disposal. The old method forced him to devote an unreasonable proportion of his time to the making of appointments while the larger affairs of government remained in the background. All this must be changed. Change, indeed, became the keynote of the Wilson administration—change and growth.

The pledges contained in the inaugural address were not made for their possible effect as the high-sounding phraseology announcing some glorious Utopia. What he had promised must be accomplished; there was no time for delay. Wilson knew too well the value of that Democratic majority in Congress. Two years hence the situation might be altered; he prepared to act at once.

Early in April he called a special session of the National Legislature. The Senate and House met together on April 8. A dramatic surprise was in store for them. Woodrow Wilson was there to address Congress in person. This had been the custom followed by Washington and John Adams. Ever since Adams, for the past one hundred and twelve years, communications from the President to the legislative branch of the government had been sent in writing, to be droned out in the empty halls of Congress by a clerk, and printed later in the voluminous pages of the *Congressional Record*. It was typical of the new Executive to substitute for this century-old custom one that went back to the beginnings of American organized government.

Wilson's novel tactics had the effect which h[illegible] anticipated. His personal presence in Congress [illegible] attention upon his message, brought it more sharply

the public consciousness. Chief among his projected reforms was the tariff, and he devoted his message to a discussion of this problem. The existing tax schedules on imports were manifestly unpopular He urged that they be changed without delay. A downward revision of the tariff and an income tax would provide the necessary revenue.

Dynamic, original in his methods, the President was not content to rest on the strength of his tariff message. In May he issued a public statement declaring that a tarriff lobby was active in Washington to prevent the passage of a suitable reform bill The country was aroused; the lobbyists found it expedient to stop their activities. As a result, on October 3 Wilson signed the Underwood-Simmons tariff, which was in substantial accord with the principles he had laid down.

In June the Chief Executive again appeared before Congress. Currency reform was the subject of his address. He opposed the existing method of private banking institutions as of doubtful value, inefficient in the protection of the people as a whole, and creating a power that was little short of dictatorship.

He proposed a plan that was calculated to meet unusual demands on the nation for money and to handle emergencies efficiently. It would offer greater elasticity in the matter of credits. Wilson's plan was designed to prevent concentration in private banks of the resources of the country; most important of all, the control of the system was to be vested in the government itself. The project seemed—and was—revolutionary; but a study of the subject made clear to the doubting Thomases of Congress that such a banking system would actually accomplish what was claimed for it.

There was a bitter fight, however, in the Senate. Big bankers from various parts of the country, loath to see a change that would curtail their power, gathered in Washington. Their influence prolonged the contest, so that it was not until December 23 that President

Wilson was able to sign the Glass-Owen Federal Reserve Banking Law, which embodied the principles outlined by him. Although Wilson himself did not actually write the Federal Reserve Act, he was, said Senator Glass, "the one man more responsible for the Federal Reserve System than any other living man. It was his infinite patience, it was his clear prescience, it was his unsurpassed courage, it was the passion of Woodrow Wilson to serve humankind that overcame every obstacle, that surmounted every difficulty, and that put the Federal Reserve banking system on the Federal statute books of this country."

In Washington, as in New Jersey, Wilson had a way of getting things done. He was not free, however, to devote himself wholly to a study of domestic problems. Central and South America looked at La Gran Republica del Norte with suspicion, fearful of domination, of aggression. Mexico was embroiled in an unusually complicated family fight, repercussions from which were felt across the border. European nations for various causes were in unfriendly mood.

A reconstruction in American foreign policy should obviously begin at home; that is, in straightening out the relations existing between the United States and the peoples of Mexico, Central and South America.

Wilson believed that the provisions in the Panama Canal Act exempting American ships from the payment of tolls was a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty and therefore a legitimate cause of ill feeling on the part of Great Britain as long as the law was in force. He brought the matter before Congress, addressing both houses in person, as was his custom. Pointing out the injustice implicit in the act as it stood, he asked for its repeal. Backed strongly by public opinion, Congress promptly agreed to his request.

Wilson's policy in regard to South America was one of mutual friendliness and trust. Nonintervention and cooperation between the two western conti were the foundation stones upon which he cons..

his ideal. The Latin-American republics were by no means certain of Yankee disinterestedness. He sought to convince them that the United States "would never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest."

"Interest does not tie nations together; it sometimes separates them," he said in an address delivered in Mobile, Alabama. "You can not be friends upon any other terms than upon the terms of equality." "From the first we have made common cause with all partisans of liberty on this side of the sea," he announced two years later, "and have set America aside as a whole for the uses of independent nations and political freemen."

It was a secret of Wilson's greatness, at times proving to be a source of weakness, that he reasoned from broad concepts, trusting that the practical details might fit into their place as occasion demanded. He could not work upon a small scale. In every condition confronting him he sensed the larger issues involved, and it was these that engrossed his attention.

So in the case of South America in its relation to the United States. There must be peace, good-will, mutual trust. All agreed to that. Wilson, looking deeper into the future, indulged a golden dream of perpetual peace, mutual guaranties of "political independence and territorial integrity." A league of nations, in short, which would bind the continents of North and South America together as they had never been bound since the days when Spanish conquistador and English colonist had set out on their glorious adventures. It was for such a Pan-American league that Wilson labored. A treaty embodying his ideas was actually drawn up, but the governments concerned were not ready for the drastic changes it involved. The project was eventually abandoned.

Mexico, meanwhile, was engaged in the national pastime of stirring things up. The stormy republic seemed to be cultivating a habit of staging constant revolutions which came to nothing. There were an

impatient few, bred in the old traditions of autocracy and warfare, who believed the United States should rush into the breach, dominate the situation, take control.

It was difficult for Americans to learn just what was going on in the neighbouring country. Reports that filtered over the border rarely agreed with one another. The President needed information that was at once illuminating and trustworthy. His wife, always close to him in a fine intellectual companionship, set to work to make an exhaustive study of Mexican affairs, Mexican history. She read all she could find that might have a bearing on existing conditions, clarifying and condensing the material thus gathered with such admirable skill that her husband was spared many hours of tiresome research work.

In the course of her studies, Mrs. Wilson learned that Mexico had been at its best during the days when the land was divided up into small portions and owned by the people. Trouble arose after this wide distribution was merged into what practically became a real-estate monopoly, when the whole of northern Mexico passed into the hands of half a dozen men. Out of this changed, concentrated ownership of the land had grown discontent and restlessness among a vast majority of the people. Wilson's sympathies, ever with the underdog, led him to hope that the time would come when in every country the masses might be heard rather than the small groups of men who ruled them. It was the people, taken as a whole, who formed a nation, not the government that too often misrepresented national ideals and aspirations. His view found still clearer expression in his later days, when he dealt with vast international issues.

Applying his theory to Mexico, he refused to recognize Huerta, a despot who, he considered, had forced his will upon the Mexican people. "Watchful waiting" he called his policy of non-intervention. He would not sanction any attempt to take control of the affairs o[illegible]

the southern republic. Forbearance and patience unruffled by the protests aroused by his attitude—he knew how incomprehensible it must seem to those of the old school—made him content to wait. He was bound that the Mexican people should have a chance to govern themselves.

In his Jackson Day speech at Indianapolis, January 8, 1915, he declared:

> There is one thing I have got a great enthusiasm about, I might say a reckless enthusiasm, and that is human liberty. I want to say a word about our attitude towards Mexico. I hold it as a fundamental principle that every people has a right to determine its own form of government: and until this recent revolution in Mexico, until the end of the Diaz reign, eighty per cent of the people of Mexico never had a [illegible]
>
> is none o[illegible]
> ness. Th[illegible]
> get it—a[illegible]
> And, so f[illegible]
> nobody [illegible]
> belong tc[illegible]
> which we could crush shall have just as much freedom in her own affairs as we have." If I am strong, I am ashamed to bully the weak.

While the Mexican puzzle continued to harass him, the President lost no time in working out the program sketched in his inaugural address. Tariff and currency reform were accomplish[illegible]
pressing problems of lab[illegible]
trusts. Roosevelt had [illegible]
nations, Wilson hoped [illegible]
their control by the government. The result of his efforts was the Clayton Anti-Trust Act, which outlined a practical method for the regulation of the trusts and contained various provisions essential to the protection

of labor. Thus, strikes and boycotts were no longer classed as infractions of the law; injunctions were to be considered illegal; labor organizations were exempt from the official supervision and restrictions imposed upon the trusts. This far-reaching piece of legislation was accompanied by the passage of the Federal Trade Commission Act.

Later on, when a railroad strike threatened, an addition to the labor legislation came in the form of the Adamson law, providing an eight-hour day. The administration also hazarded—with unfortunate results—an experiment in socialism by providing for the government ownership of a merchant fleet.

There were occasional dashes of humor to lighten these serious, often somber matters. Wilson's Scotch-Irish parentage could always be counted on to contribute the savor of a laugh to make life palatable. While he was absorbed in the duties of his office, writing letters, making speeches, planning and forwarding legislation, Washington was watching him as though he were some strange sort of exhibit, gathering tales concerning his actions from day to day. Aware of this favorite pastime of the national capital, the President commented on it in an address to the Press Club. He could not understand, he told them, why he should be of so much interest to the public. The President was not a person but an office. When his work was done he preferred to be Woodrow Wilson. But the public would not let him.

Mirthfully he went on to inform his delighted audience that he had seen so many strange pictures of himself, heard such novel stories about himself, that, as he expressed it:

> I can hardly refrain every now and again from tipping the public a wink, as much as to say, "It is only 'me' that is behind this thing."... There are blessed intervals when I forget by one means or another than I am President of the United States. One means by which I forget is to get a rattling good detective story, ₅

after some imaginary offender, and chase him all over—perferably any continent but this, because the various parts of this continent are becoming painfully suggestive to me. The post-offices and many other things which stir reminiscence have "sicklied them o'er with the pale cast of thought." . . .

Some day after I am through with this office I am going to come back to Washington and see it. In the meantime I am in the same category as the National Museum, the Monument, the Smithsonian Institution, or the Congressional Library, and everything that comes down here has to be shown the President. If I [illegible]

being shaken hands with by the whole United States.

This was Wilson in his frank, engaging vein, the Wilson about whom many gay anecdotes circulated. There is, for example, the story of the President riding with one of his aides. He fell behind for a moment; when he caught up with the aide again he remarked solemnly:

"Do you know, that little boy back there made a snoot at me!"

"Well, do you want me to speak to him, Mr. President?"

"No, no," said Wilson; "I just made a snoot back at him."

A friend of the family recalls that on one occasion as Wilson's daughter, Margaret, was leaving New York for Washington, she asked him to telegraph her father that she would be on the second section of the train. After the mysterious fashion of such things, the telegram was hopelessly garbled in transmission. The following morning at breakfast Wilson remarked,

"Margaret, I had a most alarming message about you yesterday. It said that you were arriving in Washington in two sections."

Wilson's habit of meeting his family, of seeing them off when they started on little trips, of paying them the same attentions that are customary with a man in private life, aroused some criticism among those who preferred to look upon the nation's Chief Executive as a sort of automaton operated by wires unconnected with any human source, a being, as it were, without body, parts or passions "The President is always going to the station to see his wife and daughters off. Most undignified!" complained a woman from Boston.

As a specimen of his humor, a limerick usually accredited to him, and quoted by him with effectiveness on occasion, ran as follows:

As a beauty I am not a star;
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it;
It's the people in front get the jar!

But Wilson refused to be an automaton. The most joyful hours of his life had been spent with his family, and he declined to sacrifice the privacy entailed by these periods of retirement for the doubtful privilege of turning the Wite House into a political club. "Exclusive! Snobbish!" protested the politicians. The President was unwilling to meet them on a social level, they complained. To these comments Wilson made no reply. He had no desire to avoid the politicians, but he had found that the pressure of work, forming an unescapable part of the executive office, needed to be offset by some method of rest and relaxation.

The time spent over his meals served Wilson best for this purpose. Politics, shop talk, were abandoned at these hours; instead, the conversation drifted where it might—to literature, to music, to art, to any one of the multifarious subjects that interested him.

One day he sat down to lunch, his face glowing with amusement. "I have just had a talk with the most delightful Westerner," he said. He went on to describe him, emphasizing his perfect naturalness of manner, a quality Wilson prized and rarely found, since those who came to see him usually ensconced themselves behind an imaginary barrier that effectually checked self-revelations. After all, who could talk freely with the President of the United States?

But this young Westerner was different. Far from being oppressed by the presidential dignity embodied in the man with whom he was talking, he suddenly reached forward, pulled out Wilson's tie, and commented on it admiringly. Then he drew out his own tie, and the two men discussed the merits of their respective neckwear with becoming gravity. It was the kind of incident that delighted Wilson.

He was learning more and more, however, that the genial ways of the average man are not for a President. Not for him warm friendships, the giving of confidences, freedom from responsibility and the social conventions. Colonel House, Wilson's tireless friend, was often at the White House In his diary he repeats a conversation he had one evening with his host. He told the President that he must rest. Wilson, he recalled, "said it looked as if the people were trying to kill him, and he spoke of the loneliness of his position in a way that was saddening."

The consciousness of his isolation oppressed him. One day at lunch he drew out of his pocket a speech that he had just written for delivery at Lincoln's birthplace. He read it to his family:

> *There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for* the conscience of every man who seeks to lead the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist.

After he had finished his reading there was a long silence. Then his daughter Margaret asked him how he could have such an understanding of Lincoln. "Perhaps, if I have understood him," replied her father, "it is because I understand the great loneliness that is always necessary in the life of a leader."

During these years Wilson was to know a new kind of loneliness, a devastating sorrow. In August, 1914, his wife died. With the approach of death her thought was of her husband; her last words, spoken to the family physician, were : "Promise me that when I go you will take care of Woodrow." Her loss was a crushing tragedy to the man who had adored her ever since he met her—it seemed a lifetime ago—Ellen Axson, in that little church in Rome. Few marriages had been so happy, few natures so spiritually akin as theirs. For months the *President's grief was overwhelming, so much so that his* family and his friends became genuinely alarmed. They urged him not to isolate himself, to meet people once more. Finally, his well-wishers learned with pleasure that a new chapter in his domestic life was about to open; in December, 1915, he married Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt, like himself a Virginian, a descendant, indeed, of that Pocahontas who had played a stirring part in the early days of the building of America.

Ever since the Democratic platform of 1912 there had

> Four years is too long a term for a President who is *not the true spokesman of the people, who is imposed* upon them and does not lead. It is too short a term for a President who is doing or attempting a great work of reform, and who has not had time to finish it.

He had accomplished much in his four years, but there was more, so much more, ahead! Colonel House wrote to Ambassador Page :

His burdens are heavier than any President's since Lincoln... I believe he will live in history as one of the greatest Presidents, if not the greatest, that this country has brought forth.

The Democratic Convention of 1916 shared the Colonel's estimate. When it met, in St. Louis, Wilson was renominated, on June 16, by acclamation.

CHAPTER 6

BETWEEN TWO FIRES

The summer of 1914 brought the usual hot-weather inertia. In the vacation season, State and Federal legislatures are at rest; even the politicians cease from troubling. Little happens. Readers of the newspapers are reduced to following such murders and scandals as may fall into the dragnet of the argus-eyed reporter. Thus on June 28 there was a murder, characterized by certain novel features, to read about. An Austrian archduke, Ferdinand, and his wife had been assassinated in Serbia.

Who had ever heard of Archduke Ferdinand? Certainly, his was not a name to conjure with, at least in the United States. It was something of a surprise, therefore, when Austria, a month later, declared war on Serbia as a punitive measure for Ferdinand's murder. Then things began to happen in amazing, bewildering fashion. Where all had been peacefully cerulean before, the world was seeing red.

On July 30 the Russian government mobilized its troops; on August 1 Germany declared war on Russia, two days later on France, the next day Great Britain declared war on Germany. Europe had gone mad over the death of an obscure man. Belgium was invaded; the world recoiled in horror. The nations had been crying peace, and now there was nothing but war. All Europe was suddenly revealed as an aggregation of armed camps that had been ready and waiting for this—whatever it was—to happen.

The causes back of this lightning transformation which was bringing a great portion of Europe into chaos were obscured at first by the mass of contradictory news that came pouring in from every quarter. What was excit[illegible] and apparently reliable information today was f[illegible]

swept away tomorrow in a new tide of events and explanations. A sane comprehension of what was taking place, the reason for it all remained impossible because the calm impartiality necessary to a correct analysis was buried under racial prejudices and antipathies. War breeds hatred, feverish activity, propaganda which blurs all issues. Truth seldom follows in its wake.

It was certainly not revenge for the murder of the Austrian archduke that brought all this about. Rather it seems to have been a revival of the old struggle to maintain the balance of power. The old order had come to its logical end.

[illegible] side; [illegible] ormy [illegible] were [illegible] one could not be touched without toppling the whole structure.

In the United States astonishment at the course of events turned into indignation over the martyrdom of Belgium. And yet—America had no part in all this. Since the days of the founders of the Republic the United States had lived in an isolation untouched by the troubles of Europe, too far distant geographically to be caught up in the maelstrom of foreign conflict.

On August 18 President Wilson issued a warning proclamation to the American People:

> The United States must be neutral during these days that are to try men's souls. We must be impartial in thought as well as in action, must put a curb upon our sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a preference of one party to the struggle before another.

The President was among the few in the United States to whom the news of the World War had not come as a stunning surprise. The muffled rumblings from the militarist faction in Europe had reached his ears long since. Wilson looked upon America as "the mediating

nation of the world"; he was eager to test the validity of his conception. Early in the spring of 1914, when all still seemed peaceful, he had sent Colonel House abroad, not in an official capacity but as his personal friend and *representative, to urge upon the restless nations of Europe* the necessity for a reduction in armaments. The reports which the President received from his emissary were anything but encouraging. House assured him that every country in Europe was beset by fears of all the others; that "it is militarism run stark mad."

Sir Edward Grey (later Lord Grey), to whom he talked in England, was almost a lone voice crying in the wilderness. Grey wanted peace above all things. If he could talk things over with the Germans, he declared, if [illegible] would be well. [illegible] in mediation [illegible] He did not [illegible] menacing, as imminent as House reported. The Colonel, desirous of effecting an interview between the two nations dominating the opposing factions, set out for Berlin.

He had a long interview with the Kaiser, who said that he cherished the kindliest feelings for England, that he desired peace, but that Germany "was menaced on every side." Against such fears, against the ambitions which grew stronger, more unreasonable every day, it was idle to talk of peace. Europe was a huge arsenal awaiting the touch of a match; the archduke's assassination furnished what was needed.

However strictly the administration's policy of neutrality might be observed, it was impossible, after that fatal first of August, to ignore what was taking place in Europe. By December it was apparent that America's foreign trade was hampered by obstacles which threatened to grow into positive dangers. The first clash, curiously enough, came with Great Britain. American ships were held up for search; goods destined for Germany were removed from them. A blockade was established.

Wilson, citing the Declaration of London, :

dispatched a note to Great Britain, protesting against interference with the merchant fleet of a neutral nation. No attempt was made to dispute the point raised as to international law. Great Britain declared, however, that a new element, the submarine, had altered conditions at sea; hence English methods of reprisal must vary accordingly. Then Germany declared a war zone around the British Isles, in February, making the ways of a neutral increasingly difficult.

The President had to steer the ship of state through troubled waters. As time went on, his task became more arduous, because Americans generally showed sympathy with one side or the other in the great European combat that threatened to rend the world asunder. There was a war faction which believed that the United States should take up arms without delay to avenge the wrongs wreaked upon Belgium. Another faction declared that this country was not concerned with what was happening abroad. If Europe was on the road to suicide, let the European nations themselves avert the impending catastrophe. Still a third faction, the strongest numerically, remained indifferent to the whole affair.

Wilson knew that the great mass of the people opposed intervention, eager to cling to the safe harbor of neutrality. As he said, in an address to the Associated Press:

> What I try to remind myself of every day when I am almost overcome by perplexities, what I try to remember, is what the people at home are thinking about.... I am not speaking in a selfish spirit when I say that our whole duty, for the present at any rate, is summed up in this motto: "America first."

After his verbal passage-at-arms with England, Wilson sent a note to Germany, protesting against that nation's submarine activities. The United States, he declared, would hold the German government to a "strict accountability" for damages done to Americans and American ships by this new method of warfare. But Germany had found the submarine too effective to be abandoned. If neutral nations objected to it, let them keep out of the way. The devas-

tations of the under-sea demon continued. An appalling climax was reached when, on May 7, 1915, the *Lusitania*, a transatlantic liner flying the British flag, was sunk by a torpedo fired from a German submarine. Eleven hundred lives were lost. The extent of the disaster, the brutal, deliberate murder of innocent persons, among them one hundred and four Americans, provoked widespread indignation.

Three days later, in a speech to a group of people who had just become citizens of the United States, the President declared : "There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right." His speech was widely read, and the phrase "too proud to fight" was used with sneering reference to a policy for which many felt neither understanding nor sympathy. Others there were who responded to Wilson's terrible earnestness, who believed that he would vindicate the administration's policy of neutrality at the same time that he would avenge the losses inflicted on Americans through Germany's indiscriminate method of warfare. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the United States was plunged in a controversy that showed no sign of abating.

In the midst of the turmoil Wilson stood alone. He believed he was right, he was sure that he represented the will of the majority of the people, but it was difficult to explain what seemed crystal-clear to him. A President may not have friends. The loneliness which he had described in Lincoln weighed upon him. More and more his own family realized it. As he said, half in jest, half in earnest :

> I am like Prince Hal. After he became Henry V, although he still had a liking for Falstaff and his scapegrace companions, he could not share in their pranks. He had taken up a new, seroius role and he meant to carry it out.

Desirous though he might be of maintaining American neutrality to the end, there was no supine submissiveness,

in Woodrow Wilson's nature. His note to Germany on the sinking of the *Lusitania* was so sharp in its tone that Bryan, always a pacifist, resigned as Secretary of State rather than sustain an attitude which seemed to make war ultimately inevitable.

Colonel House again went to Europe in 1915 to observe what was going on there at close range, and to interpret as best he could American sentiment in regard to the belligerent nations. In Germany he listened to threats to the effect that a group of German-Americans in this country, estimated at half a million, would join with the Irish to start a revolution in the United States if the administration deviated in the slightest degree from its policy of neutrality. In England House discussed with Lord Grey the outcome of the World War. What good could possibly result from all this butchery? A peace that cannot again be broken, said Lord Grey. They talked of President Wilson's views. The assured peace of the future was always, in Wilson's mind, vastly more important than the war in progress. The United States must be free to act as mediator when the proper time came. Hence, American neutrality.

Lord Grey was the first of Europe's diplomats not only to recognize the force of this position, but to welcome it. He knew that only America could stand passionless and disinterested in order to assist in the making of the peace—when at last that longed-for opportunity should come.

But Wilson did not find it easy to explain his policy at home. Speaking to the Daughters of the American Revolution in October, he again made the attempt. "We are not trying to keep out of trouble: we are trying to preserve the foundations upon which peace can be rebuilt."

A month after, in an address before the Manhattan Club of New York, he made his first pronouncement favoring a policy of national defense. There was no dramatic note in what he said; as in most of the crucial moments of his career, when he had matters of vital importance to convey to his hearers, he placed the emphasis

on the facts rather than on the emotional element of his subject. In the East his words were warmly welcomed. The United States, then, was not to lie defenseless in the event of a sudden attack from Europe. West of the Mississippi, however, the people were far from pleased. The United States was safe. It was—how many thousand miles from the line of battle?

The sharp division in opinion constituted something of a menace to concerted action, and the President set out for the Middle West

> ...to tell my fellow countrymen that new circumstances have arisen which make it absolutely necessary that this country should prepare herself, not for war, but for adequate national defense.

In a speech made in New York, on January 27, 1916, Wilson frankly admitted that his opinion had changed. As he said:

> Perhaps when you learned, as I dare say you did learn beforehand, that I was expecting to address you on the subject of preparedness, you recalled the address which I made to Congress something more than a year ago, in which I said that this question of military preparedness was not a pressing question. But more than a year has gone by since then, and I would be ashamed if I had not learned something in fourteen months. The minute I stop changing my mind with the change of all the circumstances of the world, I will be a back number.

On his Western tour he pointed out the difficulties of his situation:

> You have laid upon me this double obligation: "We [illegible]
>
> self-respect...I sometimes think that it is true, that no people ever went to war with another people. Governments have gone to war with one another.

Wilson ever had the people in mind. He knew that the people, not of this country alone but of all countries, loved peace. Unless he represented, beyond all possibility of doubt, a nation united in favor of war, the American government would maintain its policy of neutrality. A democracy meant that the people were the rulers. The autocratic idea of government was most clearly and consistently set forth in an interview which Colonel House had with the Kaiser. "I and my cousin, George and Nicholas, will make peace when the time comes," announced Wilhelm. The people, the nations involved, had nothing to do with these finer matters. Their all-wise rulers would make the decisions—and allot the winnings among themselves.

In March a German submarine sank another ocean liner, the *Sussex*. Divergence in American opinion grew more acute, more clamorous.

"What will the President do now?" again demanded the people of the East. "How long must we endure these insults?"

"No war!" cried the people of the West. President Wilson sent a note warning Germany that unless this ruthless submarine warfare was restricted, brought within the bounds of humanity, the United States would sever diplomatic relations between the two countries. He was fighting grimly for peace, a lasting peace, a peace secured not by arbitrary governments, but by the will, the mandate of the people themselves.

Already the principles which bound the United States into a nation had been suggested as a basis for a Pan-American league Why not invoke this same ideal in order to form a league of all nations? On May 27, at a meeting of the League to Enforce Peace, Wilson publicly announced that "We are participants, whether we would or not, in the life of the world." American isolation seemed to be losing its historic significance as the guiding star in the foreign policy of the United States. Wilson declared:

Only when the great nations of the world have reached

some sort of agreement as to what they hold to be

of justifying its existence and claiming to be finally

The *three points* stressed in the *President's* speech were :

> 1. That every people has a right to choose the sovereignty under which they shall live.
>
> 2. That the small states of the world have a right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that great and powerful nations expect and insist upon.
>
> 3. That the world has a right to be free from every disturbance of its peace that has its origin in aggression *and disregard of the rights of peoples and nations.*

As for America's part in all this :

> I am sure that I speak the mind and wish of the people of America when I say that the United States is willing to become a partner in any feasible association of nations formed in order to realize these objects and make them secure against violation.

As far back as 1901 Wilson had written that American

competition of foreign countries, until you are big enough to go abroad in the world." Wilson believed that time had now come.

long, trenchant series of notes which the President had sent to the belligerent nations. In that tumultuous response at St. Louis there was something that recalled what he had said of a man whose name is indelibly graven in American history :

> I cannot help thinking of William Penn as a sort of spiritual knight who went out upon his adventures to carry the torch that had been put in his hands, so that other men might have the path illuminated for them which led to justice and liberty.

During the Presidential campaign of 1916, Wilson confined himself almost entirely to a discussion of what he had accomplished during his first administration : his redeemed pledges. "We have made the Progressive platform our own," he declared. The Democratic party, especially in the West, made huge capital out of the slogan, "He kept us out of war." The Republicans were in a dilemma. For two years they had upbraided Wilson for his attitude regarding the war. They had insisted that the American government should intervene in Europe, that the administration's neutrality policy was impossible *to enforce without impugning the nation's sense of honor* and justice.

Now, however, it was clear that this view did not reflect the sentiment of the country at large. The people were not ready for war. Armed intervention in Europe's holocaust was unpopular except in the eastern states.

[illegible] election day came in slowly. The Eastern

His plan, however, was unnecessary. When all the votes were in, Wilson had been reelected, the first Democratic President since Andrew Jackson to succeed himself.

Public interest turned again to Europe.

seemed to grow more and more hopeless. What was America to do? Was Wilson going to let civilization itself be destroyed? A thunderbolt came on December 18. Wilson had asked all the belligerent nations for a statement giving their reasons for fighting. The replies came. They showed a substantial difference between the aims of the Allies and those of the Central Powers. There could be no doubt where America's place must be in the war—if America took up arms.

President Wilson made a speech on January 22, 1917, in which he proposed "that the nations should with one accord adopt the doctrine of President Monroe as the doctrine of the world." He also spoke of a "peace without victory" as a desirable climax to the war in Europe.

But a "peace without victory" was neither applauded nor understood. In the Western States as well as in the East, America wanted to see Germany beaten. This growing sentiment was intensified when, on January 31, Germany announced a policy of unrestricted submarine warfare. Within three days Wilson broke off diplomatic relations; on the fourth day the German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, left the United States. After that there was silence in Washington. Protests throughout the country grew louder, the war spirit had risen at last.

On Inauguration Day Wilson defined his policy. To the audience that attended his inaugural he declared steadily and gravely:

> We stand firm in armed neutrality, since it seems that in no other way we can demonstrate what it is we insist upon and cannot forego.

CHAPTER 7

THE WAR PRESIDENT

A messenger from the White House to the great domed building rising above Washington on Capitol Hill: the President had an important communication to make. He desired to address both houses of Congress in joint session.

Conjecture was rife over what he was about to say. It was April 2, 1917. There had been a month of silence. In his inaugural address the man in the White House had reiterated his policy of neutrality. Was it to modify that policy he was coming to address Congress? From Atlantic to Pacific the American nation was at last united in resenting Germany's ruthless submarine warfare. Neutrality would no longer serve.

Congressmen and Senators thronged the great room of the House of Representatives. The galleries were filled as never before in America's history. Foreign diplomats in official dress; justices of the Supreme Court in black robes; staff reporters; editors of the country's leading newspapers; army and navy officials, their uniforms, dazzling with gold braid and tinsel, lending a dash of color to the expectant throng. Democracy has rarely staged a scene so brilliant, so vivid, so dramatic in its intensity.

The spell of waiting was broken. A tall man, spare of figure, ascetic, his features those of a scholar—a man who must frequently burn the midnight oil, one instinctively knew, thinking out grave problems—appeared on the rostrum. There was a ripple of applause. The Speaker struck his gavel sharply. "The President of the United States," he announced.

In the hush that followed, Woodrow Wilson began reading, in his exquisitely modulated voice, from manuscript he held in his hand:

> I have called the Congress together into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious choices of policy to be made, and made immediately....

Yes, something momentous was coming. Neutrality, with all its unthinkable implications, was to be abandoned. American independence would be vindicated ; a turning point in the history of the world was being reached in that stately chamber filled with breathless listeners. The President went on :

> There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making ; we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored and violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are not common wrongs ; they cut at the very roots of human life...

War, then ! Yes, unqualified declaration of war that would bring the entire nation to arms.

> I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has been thrust upon it ; and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the government of the German Empire to terms and end the war....We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. ...

> A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. ...

> The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty.

We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices *we* shall freely make We are but one of the champions *of mankind*. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them. . . .

But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our [illegible]

happiness and the peace which she has treasured.

God helping her, she can do no other.

Yes, the American people would at last have a part in the World War, not as neutrals, onlookers who would occasionally send notes to one or the other of the belligerent nations, but as the upholders of a great ideal—to make the world safe for democracy.

On April 6, Congress declared war on Germany. It was not generally expected that the United States would take much part in the actual fighting. This country, doubtless, was to become a storehouse in the way of supplies, money, equipment to be drawn upon freely by the Allies.

[illegible] When he said war,
he [illegible] fighting of
bat[illegible] He
bec[illegible]
changing a peaceful country into a huge military

hive of industry. His speed and efficiency, the almost incredible results which he obtained are unequaled in the history of warfare.

The very day after war was declared he began to urge the necessity for a selective draft. Because of controversies over the proper age limit, and other details, Congress did not pass the necessary measure, the Selective Service Act, until May 18. On that day the President enunciated the scope of the plan which he intended to follow. "It is not an army we must train and shape for war," he declared, "it is a nation."

During his speeches in the early part of 1916, when he [illegible]

War is rude and impolite,
It quite upsets a nation ;
It's made of several weeks of fight,
And years of conversation.

It was his intention to eliminate as far as possible the years of conversation.

The army was the first consideration, and the army was in no condition to engage in European warfare. Numerically, it was small, and it was not centralized. Military decisions had to filter through some half-dozen departments, each acting independently, sometimes antagonistically. Remembering the Civil War, the inefficiency of the Union forces as a whole until Grant had been put in charge of all operations, Wilson was quick to see that army could do its best only under an undivided command. His choice fell upon General Pershing, an officer who had been promoted, in the Roosevelt days, from [illegible] brigadier-general. In June, [illegible] ent to France with the [illegible]

[illegible] efficient hands, [illegible] /stem in [illegible] iaps the

most difficult problem,—preparing the nation as a whole for its active part in the war. To make the country serviceable in the great crusade there must be some form of government direction of industries, competition must be reduced, production increased. With this in view the Council of National Defense was organized to take care of the "coordination of industries and resources for the national security and welfare." Later the War Industries Board was created, endowed with still wider functions, a less qualified control.

All had not been plain sailing with the War President, by any means. Public opinion might be—as it was—overwhelmingly back of him. But he had his political enemies in and out of Congress. The attack on his policies became vocal in September, 1917; it was duly organized at a luncheon held in New York on January 19. According to the plan then adopted, Congress was to appoint what was called a War Cabinet, which would practically take the conduct of the war out of the President's hands.

For
through
no unce
means of Senator Overman, introduced a bill in Congress giving to the President all the powers demanded by the proponents of the so called War Cabinet, and much more besides. This bill, the Overman Act, passed the Senate by a vote of 63 to 13, on April 29, after prolonged opposition. It was quickly ratified by the House. Wilson's enemies were silenced. He was in supreme command, as no President before him had ever been.

The authority conferred upon him by the new law made him as he put it, "the greatest autocrat in history."

It was not enough to organize the distribution of supplies; it was necessary that an adequate amount should be provided. Food was the most pressing need of Europe;
out the war area.
been falling off
who had consi
of his

Belgian relief, to handle the food question. Within a few months the need for increased production was being pressed with all the force of modern publicity; the people were put upon rations so that nothing should be wasted and as great an amount of food as possible sent to Europe.

In his book *France and America*, André Tardieu describes graphically the war activities of the nation with Wilson at the helm :

All my life I shall remember the United States as it

street corner ; immense posters on the walls, "You are in it, you must win it." Immense and unhoped for achievement which despite the extremity of our peril and the righteousness of our cause had demanded weeks and months of preparation. In order to under-

success. Haphazard methods would have meant failure.

Problems increased as time went on. Now that supplies and their distribution were settled, there remained the question of their transportation. In December, 1917, Wilson took over the railroads, put them under government control as a war measure. There could be no further rivalries in the matter of transportation between competing lines. As to railroad employees and the workers in other industries, a board was created for the purpose of adjusting whatever difficulties might arise between labor and capital, so that production would be uninterr

to work at

overnight.

It was an absolutely unique record. For years Wilson had struggled to maintain peace; he had been sneered at as a pacifist who would endure every insult rather than play a man's part. Now he had become every inch the War President, in its supreme sense the Commander-in-Chief of the Nation. None worked harder than he.

In spite of the overwhelming burden of his routine duties, the President found time to make speeches. In these he had an end in view which was not immediately appa- [illegible]

toned and undramatic as they were, raised the war to a level it had not reached before, making of it a crusade against militarism. Slowly he was bringing a new hope, a new purpose into the dealings of mankind, until, as the months wore on, Woodrow Wilson stood not only as Commander-in-Chief of a nation at war but as the spiritual leader of mankind.

A total of 4,272,521 men served in the American army, and 1,950, 513 of these were sent overseas. "No such movement of troops ever took place before across 3,000 miles of sea, followed by adequate equipment, and carried safely through extraordinary dangers of attack." It was a colossal undertaking, brilliantly executed, with no [illegible]

war on Austria-Hungary.

While wars and rumors of wars filled the air Wilson also found time to talk of peace and democracy, the right of the peoples of the world to rule themselves. In August (1917) the Pope addressed the nations at war on the subject of peace terms. Wilson declared unequivocally that it was the desire of the Allies to make

with the German people themselves rather than with their government. In his message to Congress, in December, he reiterated this aim Copies of his speeches, in which he outlined these ideals, were being dropped by airplane over enemy territory, reaching the very readers for whom they were intended. A subtle, slow-working piece of strategy it seemed. But the speeches proved veritable firebrands. Those into whose hands they fell, whatever their hostile feeling might be for a country with whom they were at war, pondered and heeded the words they read.

The Pope's was not the only voice crying in the wilderness for peace as early as 1917. In March, Kerensky overthrew the Czarist government in Russia. In acknowledging the new regime, Wilson welcomed another people who had gained their freedom and thrown off the shackles of an outworn despotism In November a second revolution shook the foundations of Russia, resulting in the triumph of the Bolsheviks. Among the first acts of the latter was an appeal to the belligerent nations to make peace, a step which they followed by publishing the secret treaties which were on file in the official archives of Petrograd. It was a daring proceeding, a novel venture in the history of diplomacy. It made secret understandings between nations as difficult as they were dangerous.

On January 8 President Wilson again addressed Congress in joint session to discuss the war aims and proposed peace terms of the United States.

> Whether their present leaders believe it or not, it is our heartfelt desire and hope that some way may be opened whereby we may be privileged to assist the people of Russia to attain their utmost hope of liberty and ordered peace. . . .
>
> What we demand in this war, is not peculiar to ourselves. It is that the world be made fit and safe to live in; and particularly that it be made safe for every peace-loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by the other peoples of the world as against force and selfish aggression.

The terms Wilson had to offer were the famous Fourteen Points, which provided:

(1) Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

(2) Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war.

(3) The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

(4) Adequate guaranties given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest points consistent with domestic safety.

(5) A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined.

(6) The evacuation of all Russian territory and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest cooperation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy.

(7) Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored, without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all other free nations.

(8) All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored, and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted.

(9) A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.

(10) The peoples of Austria-Hungary should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development.

(11) Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro should be evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia accorded free and secure access to the sea; and the relations of the several Balkan states to one another determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality; and international guaranties of the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan states should be entered into.

(12) The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life, and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guaranties.

(13) An independent Polish state should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations.

(14) A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guaranties of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike.

That was America's peace program, set forth in concrete terms. It gained widespread approval, contributing new inspiration to the high purposes which had led the nation into war. Said the New York *Tribune* of Wilson's address:

[illegible]

has created, has visualized to the whole world, the rôle of America in the time of supreme tragedy.

Thenceforth, Wilson's spiritual leadership was assured. His lofty idealism kindled the whole nation. Vividly he portrayed a brighter hope for the future; a vision of life

reaching at last into the serene ways of peace and mutual trust. In a sense, his words were not addressed solely to his fellow countrymen; they were intended quite as much for the ears of the Allied leaders as a warning and a challenge. This is the way of peace as we see it, he said to them in effect. These are the terms we believe to be just. Only on such a basis need you look to us for aid. And the Allies understood his meaning and his purpose. Wilson stood not only as the undisputed leader of his country, but as the leader of the cause of humanity as well.

When the mid-term elections approached, in October of 1918, the President, undoubtedly moved by the memory of the attacks to which his war policies had been subjected in the early part of the year, necessitating the passage of the Overman Act on April 29, appealed to the people of the United States, asking that they return a Democratic Congress in order that he might not be embarrassed in his dealings with foreign countries, by appearing to have a divided country behind him. McKinley, in the Spanish-American War, had taken a similar course. In the present case the appeal failed of its purpose The matter was taken up promptly by the Republicans, and Wilson was accused of trying to make capital out of a situation that should not be mixed with party politics. The result was a strong gain in the Republican ranks of both Senate and House, so strong that Wilson found himself for the next two years the leader of a minority party.

His influence abroad had not been weakened by party disputes at home. His insistence on the chasm existing between the German government and the German people had its effect. Then, too, American soldiers were pouring

people, speaking at last in their own voice. The Allies accepted the terms.

At eleven o'clock on November 11 (1918) a sudden hush fell upon the battlefields of Europe. The din that had known no pause in four years was silenced. An armistice had been declared. The time for peace had come.

CHAPTER 8

"THE PITFALLS OF PEACE"

At half past ten on the morning of December 14, Paris was all agog with an excitement similar to that which had packed its streets with shouting mobs a month before on the signing of the armistice. There was a difference now. It was no longer the delirium of joy; this heaving, pushing vociferous throng centered its attention upon one man, tall, lantern-jawed, smiling broadly, who drove through the streets, acknowledging the plaudits, waving his silk hat, enjoying a greeting rare as it was spontaneous. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, the man who had made the armistice possible, the first American President to leave his native shores and visit Europe, was in Paris.

Sweet as must have been the generous tribute greeting his arrival in France, Wilson had been guided by no thought of popular approval in planning his journey. That he was breaking a precedent had little weight with him, for he was an inveterate breaker of precedent. But he knew the overwhelming importance of the kind of terms that were to be made in Europe. Absorbed as he had been in striving to make the United States one

[illegible] There could [illegible] to be [illegible] as the [illegible] dopted [illegible] ow, he added, "I owe it to them to see to it, so far as in me li[illegible] that no false or mistaken interpretation is put upon th[illegible]

and no effort omitted to realize them." It was his intention to attend the Peace Conference himself, so that he could, at first hand, represent and insist upon the American view of a just and lasting peace. But Congress was by no means convinced.

When Wilson sailed from New York, the Battery was white with ticker tape, the harbor deafened with siren whistles, shadowed by airplanes, crowded with vessels of every description. Over it all boomed twenty-one guns from Governors Island, the first time a President's salute had ever been fired for an outbound President.

He left behind him a blaze of controversy. Should the President leave the country? Should he be present at the Peace Conference? Was he not merely seeking the publicity and applause that were bound to be bestowed upon the head of the American nation in these inflammable days? In answer to these questions, Secretary Lane made a fiery response:

> The man who stands as the representative of the foremost democracy of the world goes to Europe, not that he may march down the Champs Elysées, not that he may receive the plaudits of the French multitudes. But he goes to Europe as the champion of American ideals because he wants to see that out of the war comes something worth while. He would have been derelict, he would have been negligent, he would have been false to our ideas of him, if he had not stood in Paris in person as the champion of that principle which we love and those institutions which we hope to see spread around the world.

For the brief space of the transatlantic voyage the President was free from the dissensions incident to American politics, the chaotic problems awaiting him in Europe. He had no illusions as to the magnitude of the task awaiting him. There was no trace of the holiday jaunt in his preparations. He was accompanied by the [illegible] to represent the United [illegible] Secretary of State Lans- [illegible] Henry White, former

ambassador to France; and Colonel House. Due largely to the latter's foresight there was also a large number of advisers, specialists along various lines who were expected to supply expert knowledge and opinion in case of need.

In spite of this formidable preparation for undertaking the problems ahead, the President's aim was simple enough. Above all things he believed in the American idea as he had conceived and given it utterance, and he wanted to take it beyond the boundaries of his own country, out into the world He had no new plan. Instead, he was bringing to Europe the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, the Virginia Bill of Rights, the very soul of America. A league of nations, self-determination—there was his program.

In the greeting accorded President Wilson on his arrival in Paris there was more than a warm welcome to the representative of the American people. It was also a tribute to a nation which had played a great part in bringing about the Allied victory. For a brief moment there was a new hope in the world; a faith that justice was to reign regardless of the claims of politicians and private

f battle and poverty,
to a spiritual level
to take part in the
remaking of the world along lines of humanity and mutual trust.

The guiding force, the symbol of this hope, was Woodrow Wilson. If the Peace Conference could have

it its height,
The Wilson
ies, nor was
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hout victory"

The representatives of the Allied governments were not unduly alarmed by the sudden wave of enthusi... that surged through Europe on Wilson's arrival. Sea... men that they were in dealing with mob psycho...

they knew well enough that mass emotions are short-lived, that the people's ecstatic estimate of Wilson as a Messiah destined to bring about a new era in which tyrannies would be abolished, poverty become unknown, *could not last.* Astute political leaders, therefore, sardonically aware that time would restore men to their normal attitude of mind, did what they could to postpone the meeting of the Peace Conference. As the days went by, true to the prognostications of these realists, the temper of the masses changed. People remembered their sufferings and losses. The old hatreds came surging back. The nations that had fought and won were not to be defrauded of their just pound of flesh.

Wilson was enthusiastically received throughout the Allied countries, France, England, Italy. Royalty showered him with honors, the populace welcomed him with frenzied applause. One visit, however, he refused to pay. He would not inspect the area in France which had been devastated by the war. One should not undertake the great task of making peace, he felt, with a mind inflamed by anger.

He spent Christmas Day with the American troops in [illegible]

equipment, where everything was in its proper place.

"Are those boys not likely to be inspected further after we have passed?" Mr. Wilson asked the General.

"Yes, sir, they may be."

"One other thing, General. I am the Commander-in-Chief of the army, and authorized to give you orders, am I not?" queried the President.

"Certainly, sir."

"Then, General, you will replace that tent-pole as you found it."

The General, smiling, knelt, folded the tent-pole and put it in its proper position. Some of the soldiers in the outfit said the President winked at them.

On January 18 the Peace Conference held its first plenary session. It was a brilliant affair, gay with the uniforms of officers, the picturesque costumes of some of the Eastern representatives Immediately it became apparent, however, that no work could be done in full session. There were too many delegates, a babel of different languages. Hours would be lost in translating speeches. Obviously the procedure was too cumbersome. The conference was, therefore, broken up into committees. Chief among these was "The Council of Ten," composed of two representatives each from France, Great Britain, the United States, Italy, Japan. There was a protest in which the press joined. How were the small nations to have a voice if they were thus excluded from the deliberations of the great powers? What of open covenants? Wilson explained that even the smaller meetings were crowded, due to the constant presence of experts, called in for cansultation. By open covenants, he told the newspaper men, he had not meant that there were to be no private discussions, but that the results of these discussions should be open, explicit, published for the people.

Peace without victory? Nonsense! So it seemed to the Allies. They had won the war; they had shown a fine magnanimity in not marching on to Berlin; now: to the victors belong the spoils. Practically every representative at the conference, the small as well as the great powers, had demands for reparations, colonies, territory.

The Council of Ten settled down to work as soon as it [illegible] Clemenceau presided over the meetings, [illegible]

watched, the quiet scholarly face whose expression was studied during the discussions.

Wilson had journeyed far to take part in this [illegible] and he was not disposed to mince matters. The

must be built along equitable, enduring lines, he declared; its foundation stone must be a league of nations. The delegates murmured. Let the peace terms come first. Time enough to consider a league later on. But on this subject Wilson was adamant Peace was implicit in a league. The details should follow. Very well; let the league become an integral part of the treaty. Wilson was appointed head of a committee to handle the matter.

As far back as the sixteenth century, "visionaries" had advocated a league of nations. Since the beginning of the war Lord Grey in England and ex-President Taft in the United States had recommended such an organization. But no man had done more than hope for this realization of an international league that would make war impossible. Idealists, dreamers. Wilson, however, was not content with theories. In a day when every government looked upon its neighbor as a potential enemy, he drove ahead with a plan which was to bring all nations into a vast brotherhood.

On February 14, at a meeting of the Peace Conference in a plenary session, the President of the United States presented the draft of the League Covenant as it had left the committee. It was quietly received, unanimously accepted. The purport of the league was indicated by its preamble:

> In order to promote international cooperation and to secure international peace and security by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war, by the prescription of open, just and honorable relations between nations, by the firm establishment of the understandings of international law as the actual rule of conduct among governments, and by the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organized peoples with one another, the Powers signatory to this Covenant adopt this constitution of the League of Nations.

On the following day Wilson sailed for home; there were bills awaiting his signature at the close of Congress and matters of domestic policy demanded his presence. Much had been accomplished in Europe. The conference

had accepted the League Covenant, a world Jefferson might have dreamed of seemed in process of construction; Mazzini's ideals were taking on concreteness.

During the month spent in the United States before his return to France Wilson became aware of the undercurrent of antagonism toward the proceedings in Paris; above all, toward American participation in the League. The Senate was in unfriendly mood; there was talk of active hostility. Before sailing on his second trip to Europe Wilson made a speech in New York defying those who were opposing the League. As he put it bluntly:

[illegible]

destroying the whole vital structure.

Again in Paris, Wilson settled down to work with the Council of Ten, sometimes as one of the "Big Four," when the Council seemed too unwieldy for efficiency. Wilson, Llyod George, Clemenceau, Orlando were the men in whose hands rested the fate of the civilized world, the reshaping of boundaries, the establishment of new governments, the readjustment of economic relations.

There was nothing heroic in their attitudes toward [illegible]

engaging and pleasant, was quick to respond to every wind of emotion; Clemenceau, the Old Tiger, low-voiced and urbane, clung with iron tenacity to his lightest views. At times these august representatives crawled about on their hands and knees, scrutinizing with microscopic care the intricate boundary lines traced on a huge map spread out on the floor.

The Big Four would work out the peace terms. "Peace without victory" was the Wilson slogan. Open covenants, justice, the rights of small nations—all t

demands appeared to be essentially simple, one falling logically after the other. Yet they ran counter to diplomacy as it had been practiced since the beginning of history. Each of the three men opposing the Wilson program had his special concessions to gain ; upon his success depended not only his own prestige but that of the government he represented.

To add to the President's difficulties, he soon learned that secret treaties loomed in the way of equitable settlements. The nations had already, in a sense, apportioned off the rewards of war before peace was achieved.

At Versailles, the Big Four, within the space of a few weeks, attempted to solve the problems of practically every country in the world, from reparations to the economic and political difficulties growing out of the war. The task involved nothing short of the reshaping of Europe. In their Herculean exertions they were not left unaided for scientists and specialists in every line from history to economics were at their disposal. But the responsibility and decisions were theirs.

The struggle between the Wilson and Clemenceau methods formed the chief division in the making of the Treaty of Versailles. They epitomized the contrast between the new and the ancient diplomacy, the rigid code that having served the past must serve the future. Clemenceau, backed by the fiery Marshal Foch, was not to be satisfied with anything less than the extermination of the German government. Germany was the traditional enemy of his beloved France. As long as Germany had an army and military equipment French civilization was imperiled.

To Clemenceau, old, wise and weary, the Wilson doctrine of "peace without victory," the American statesman's desire to prevent the destruction of the German Republic, his opposition to excessive reparations, seemed incomprehensible. "In the pitfalls of peace as in the upheavals of war, France above all !" That was Clemenceau's doctrine. He was not to be swerved from it. A League, by all means, if you want one. But we want security, and we find the old way the safest, after all.

Believing security could be gained only by destroying Germany's economic as well as military strength ; accepting the Fourteen Points, as the entire Peace Conference was inclined to do, the French demands included the control of the Rhine, the transfer of German colonies, German disarmament, huge reparations, and such economic agreements as would best insure the destruction of German business. Italy wanted Fiume in order to control the trade of the Adriatic. Japan wanted Shantung.

The United States asked nothing, neither territory, reparations, nor the crippling of an enemy.

The treaty that finally grew out of the arduous labors of these few men lacked much that Wilson had hoped to place in it ; he disagreed with much that it contained. Yet it was a better, a more humane, a more just peace than would have been possible without his unflagging efforts.

Friction, dissension, bitter argument, all had formed a part of the long task. When matters seemed to have reached a deadlock, the President ordered the *George Washington* to be ready to take him back to the United States. Orlando had withdrawn from the conference only to return ; the Chinese delegates had sailed for Asia and were not again seen in France. The ways of peace had been stormy indeed.

On May 7, the anniversary of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the German delegates arrived in Paris to receive a [illegible]

"Observations on the Peace." Then, on June 28, 1919, in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, the Treaty of Peace was signed. The war had come to an end.

CHAPTER 9

"IDEAS LIVE; MEN DIE"

The journey back to the United States was a leisurely one. The President had been working far beyond his strength, it seemed imperative that he should have a few days in which to snatch a respite from the cares that weighed upon him. His private secretary, Joseph P. Tumulty, following his chief's activities from Washington, had observed with anxiety the exhausting schedule of his days and had sent word urging him not to overtax his constitution. "My constitution?" Wilson had replied. "Why, I am already living on my by-laws!"

On the eighth of July the weary President arrived in New York, after an absence of almost six months from the United States During that long period various political factions had not been idle. While he was bucklered against vast international problems abroad, a new field fashioned for endless bitter tournaments appeared at home. Just what was this League of Nations for which the President had left his country half a year ago? To establish it he had sacrificed many of the principles that were an integral part of his original program. The closed sessions of the Peace Conference were exacting their toll now. The American people did not understand the purpose of the League, and they feared the thing they did not understand Misrepresentation and unfriendly rumor gave it a malignant aspect. There were those who, true to the old policies of non-intervention, of no entangling alliances, declared that America could have nothing to do with a League. Others believed that some sort of League was inevitable, but not this one. Finally, there was a small, sturdy and extremely vocal group which opposed it because it was "Wilson's League."

Two days after his return the President laid the Peace Treaty before the Senate. There was little doubt in his

mind that it would be ratified. "It was not easy to graft the new order of ideas on the old," he said, "and some of the fruits of the grafting may, I fear, for a time be bitter. . . . The stage is set, the destiny disclosed."

The treaty now presented to the Senate for ratification contained a somewhat different League Covenant from that which had been approved at the Peace Conference before Wilson's first return to the United States. The alterations were concessions to American opinion as he had felt and heard it expressed during that flying visit. Then the people feared that they would be forced to sacrifice their independence of action to Europe, that they were to be constantly embroiled in foreign quarrels and wars. Ex-President Taft, one of the fervent advocates of a League, sent the President a cable, outlining the points which he believed would be demanded before the Senate would accept such an agreement. Chief among these points was a statement regarding the Monroe Doctrine, requiring the recognition of the latter by signers of the Covenant. These amendments were promptly inserted and the League Covenant was again accepted by the Peace Conference.

By the end of the month the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate settled down to an examination of the Peace Treaty. On August 19 the committee met the President for a discussion of various points in the great document. Wilson came away from the conference understanding that it was he who was on trial, not the treaty. This attitude was manifest to the country at large when, on the tenth of September, the Foreign Relations Committee submitted its report. The latter was devoted primarily to an attack on the President, his methods of handling the peace negotiations, his disregard of the Senate, his shortcomings, which appeared to be legion. The Peace Treaty was a poor thing, altogether. Nearly forty reservations and amendments were demanded before the committee would accept it. Not without significance, the changes exacted were concerned, for the most part less with actual weaknesses in the treaty itself than with

those matters which had been the special concern of the *President.*

It was clear that the support for which Wilson had hoped was not forthcoming. An untested theory the League of Nations was termed. Quite the contrary, he protested. The League was of the very essence of America, the ideal upon which America had been built, presented at last as the pattern upon which Europe, too, *might build. It must be, he thought, that Americans did* not realize this.

Long ago, as a boy, he had sharpened the tool he could use best, his gift for oratory, and it had lost none of its keenness. He set out to carry his message to America, accompanied by his wife and Dr. Grayson, the White House physician, who was uneasy over his ceaseless labors.

This Western tour was a physical strain few men could have endured. It extended from Washington to California, then back to Kansas, engaging the President in thirty or *more speeches in a period of twenty days—an ordeal* rarely equaled. No wonder Dr. Grayson watched his White House charge anxiously as he filled this strenuous series of engagements, which left him not a moment's rest, kept him moving constantly across the country, meeting, for the most part, with an apathy that must have chilled his heart.

With his ardent faith in the potency of great principles, Wilson measured his strength and his weakness. If the *people were once aware that the League of Nations* involved the extension of the American ideal rather than its subjugation to foreign influences, there could be no question, he felt, of their eager acceptance of his message. But the people, lacking a clear understanding of the scope *and workings of the Covenant, were not to be turned from* the old established theory of national isolation. Wilson remarked, in one of his Western speeches:

> Things get very lonely in Washington sometimes. The real voices of the great people of America sometimes sound faint and distant in that strange city! You hear

politics until you wish that both parties were smothered in their own gas. I wanted to come out and hear some plain American, hear the kind of talk that I am accustomed to talk, the only kind of talk that I can understand, get the only kind of atmosphere with which I can fill my lungs wholesomely, and, then, incidentally, convey a hint in some quarters that the American people have not forgotten how to think.

In Kansas City he told his audience :

I came back from Paris bringing one of the greatest documents of human history, and one of the things that made it great was that it was penetrated throughout with the principles to which America has devoted her life. Let me hasten to say that one of the most delightful circumstances of the work on the other side of the water was that I discovered that what we called American principles had penetrated to the heart and to the understanding, not only of the great peoples of Europe, but of the great men who were leading the peoples of Europe, and when these principles were written into this treaty, they were written there by common consent and common conviction. But it remains true, nevertheless, my fellow citizens, that principles are written into that treaty which were never written into any great international understanding before, and that they had their natural birth and origin in this dear country to which we have devoted our life and service.

And on another occasion :

I reminded the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate the other day that the conference I held

Foreign Relations, and they made various suggestions as to how the Covenant should be altered in phraseology. I carried those suggestions back to Paris, and every one of them was accepted. I think that is a sufficient guaranty that no mischief was intended.

The whole document is of the same plain, practical, explicit sort, and it secures peace, my fellow citizens, in the only way in which peace can be secured.

At Omaha he warned the people:

. . . we can not rewrite this treaty. We must take it or leave it, and gentlemen, after all the rest of the world has signed it, will find it very difficult to make any other kind of treaty.

On the Pacific coast Wilson found a more cordial and attentive response to his words than the East and the Middle West had given. At Spokane he urged that the treaty be entirely dissociated from party or personal considerations:

I have had a great many men say to me, "I am a Republican, but I am in favor of the League of Nations." Why the "but"? I want to tell you, my fellow citizens, that there is one element in this whole discussion which ought not to be in it. There is, though I say it myself, an element of personal bitterness. One would suppose that this Covenant of the League of Nations was first thought of and first invented and first written by a man named Wilson. I wish it were. If I had done that I would be willing to have it recorded that I had done that and nothing else. But I did not do it. I, along with thousands of my fellow countrymen, got the idea twenty years ago, chiefly from Republican public men. . . . If I were a Republican, I would say, "I am a Republican and therefore I am in favor of a League of Nations." My present point is to dissociate the League of Nations from the present speaker. I did not originate it. It is not my handiwork. It has originated out of the consciences and thought of men who wanted justice and loved peace for generations, and my relationship to it is just what my relationship ought to be to every public question, the relationship which a man bears to his fellow citizens when he tries to interpret their thought and their conscience.

I can fancy those men of the first generation that so thoughtfully set up this great Government, the

generation of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and the Adamses—I can fancy their looking on with a sort of *enraptured amazement that the American spirit should* make a conquest of the world.

That was Wilson's plea. He wanted to see the American spirit conquer the world, as it had the American nation. He wanted the universal acceptance of the principles of Washington and Jefferson. It was for this that he fought with his last ounce of strength for the League of Nations.

He saw more and more clearly that victory was not to be —not yet. For his ideal involved more, much more, than the expansion of American theories of liberty and democracy ; it implied the universal adoption of the principles of fraternity laid down in the New Testament The magnitude of his task did not stay him ; he had the crusader's passion for a good fight. But indifference, apathy, distrust were slowly crushing him His body, never adequate for the demands laid upon it, had failed him often ; it failed him now. He traveled to the Pacific coast and started back. In spite of his doctor's advice, he continued to meet every engagement, until he reached Wichita. There he was not able to rise from his bed. The tour was abandoned, the President returned to Washington.

A wave of sympathy arose only to be checked by malignant rumors which drowned out the echoes of words he had been uttering for the past three weeks. Personal animosities fed upon the man who had fallen in the thick of the battle. The President, it was whispered, was not capable of doing anything further.

Wilson made no answer to these attacks. An apparent submission to criticism had always been one of his unswerving principles, a delight to his antagonists, a source of irritation to his friends. He had a mystic faith in the power of truth. Sooner or later it would make itself known ; he was not impatient. So now, under these malign mutterings, he remained silent. His intellectual life went on as before. Only a few days after hi

breakdown his daughter, Margaret sat at his side reading to him, and she recounts that he was so far from suffering any abatement in his mental power that he interrupted her constantly as she read—a trait learned from his father—to correct her pronunciation of words.

Meanwhile, the treaty was in the hands of the Senate. The document which its makers had been criticized for working upon so long, about five months in all, was [illegible]

sneeringly called. Before the Democratic President had championed the plan, such an organization had been discussed by Lodge as a necessity of the future Early in November the Republican leader presented to the Senate a series of fourteen reservations—fourteen, because of the satirical reflection upon Wilson's Fourteen Points—which modified the treaty, particularly Article X of the League. The President studied the reservations and declared that with them it would be less a case of ratifying the Treaty than of nullifying it. He advised the Senators, therefore, to vote against the Lodge resolution for ratification.

The Senate was in a trying position. At heart there were few men who desired the defeat of the treaty, with the continuation which that would mean of economic and political unrest. But neither Lodge nor Wilson would yield. The emasculation of the treaty, which the President believed would result from adoption of the Lodge reservations, he steadily opposed. The people, he was convinced, would support it in their own proper voice. He urged that the matter be left for a general referendum in the elections of the following year. At the same time came the suggestion : let us make a separate peace with Germany and abandon the Versailles Treaty altogether. On the nineteenth of November, the Lodge resolution for ratification was defeated and the pact shelved.

During the next few months the tide of controversy

rose high. Wilson, lying helpless at the White House, unable to meet Congress as he had done so frequently, unable even to meet his cabinet, was in no position to test the current of public opinion. The League opponents had everything their own way.

Washington's Farewell Address, Jefferson's hatred of England were recalled to the country. Isolation was the American idea. It must remain so. Labor, the farmers, the radical element, the Negroes, all were turned into rebellious factions by the tireless activities of the men who stood for what they termed "100 per cent Americanism." It was not an unexpected shock, therefore, when, on March 19, 1920, the Peace Treaty was defeated in the United States Senate. Even the Democratic Senators failed to support the President; twenty-four stood with him, *twenty-three opposed him* *The Peace Treaty* was returned to him unratified.

Wilson's attitude toward the coming elections had long been plain. In his Jackson Day letter, in January, he had *urged that the League of Nations be submitted to* a general referendum in November. James M. Cox was the candidate when the Democratic National Convention met in San Francisco in June. There was no suggestion of Wilson's renomination. The leaders simply turned the page and ignored the confusion into which the party was thrown.

Colonel Harvey, would-be President-maker, who had first attached himself to the Wilson banner, was active now in the nomination of a more docile candidate, Warren G. Harding. Harvey had left the Democratic for the Republican party. He was more interested in Presidents than principles.

The election was a masterly triumph for the Republican party, Harding's popular plurality reaching almost seven million. The Reeds, the Roosevelts, the Lodges had won a sweeping victory. When Inauguration Day came, *March 4, 1921*, the weary occupant of the White House, determined to play his part in the inauguration, rode to the Capitol beside his successor. At the last

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So Woodrow Wilson retired to private life, his body broken with illness, his faith in the ultimate success of his ideals undimmed by the repeated blows of failure and repudiation He might not be destined to see the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations, but that his country would ultimately become a member in an organization he had striven so hard to base on American ideals he never doubted. "Ideas live; men die," he said.

Paradoxically, Wilson, who had been the most powerful man in the civilized world, was one of the least known. The newspapers were inclined to emphasize his intellect in such a manner as to dwarf his personality. No man can be all brain, and Wilson himself deprecated with some amusement Page's impression of him as "a detached intellect moving freely in space."

He was an autocrat strangely lacking in egotism, viewing everything through the ice-cold brilliance of an irrefragable logic; yet his whole life was swayed and coloured by his emotions. He was essentially a builder, striving to erect a temple for peace, for democracy, for an America whose beneficent influence would be illimitable. An idealist? Yes! One who believed to the end that his dream of a universal brotherhood of nations would become a reality. Nevertheless, he was the best practical politician since Lincoln He had a profound yearning for friends, but never made a concession to friendship.

On his family, his wife and children, his few intimate friends, Wilson lavished his affection; for them his personality became an expansive world of enjoyment. There was nothing of the cold, ascetic scholar in the fun-loving, affectionate, gentle person revealed to the few who knew him well. Colonel House mentions in his diary something of the effect of Wilson's personal manner:

It is not the President's face alone that changes. He

> is one of the most difficult and complex characters I have ever known. He is so contradictory that it is hard to pass judgment upon him.... When one gets access to him, there is no more charming man in all the world than Woodrow Wilson. I have never seen anyone who did not leave his presence impressed. He could use this charm to enormous personal and public advantage if he would.

There is a story told of a man who passed Wilson on the street in Washington. "As I looked at him," he said, "he turned his face towards me—and I found my hat in my hand. It was like saluting the flag."

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Meanwhile, the treaty was in the hands of the Senate. The document which its makers had been criticized for working upon so long, about five months in all, was the object of argument, attack, discussion for eight months. Senator Lodge, at the head of the Foreign Relations Committee, was the most indefatigable antagonist of the League of Nations, "Wilson's League," as it was sneeringly called. Before the Democratic President had championed the plan, such an organization had been discussed by Lodge as a necessity of the future Early in November the Republican leader presented to the Senate a series of fourteen reservations—fourteen, because of the satirical reflection upon Wilson's Fourteen Points—which modified the treaty, particularly Article X of the League. The President studied the reservations and declared that with them it would be less a case of ratifying the Treaty than of nullifying it. He advised the Senators, therefore, to vote against the Lodge resolution for ratification.

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CHRONOLOGY

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1836 Thomas Woodrow sails for America.

1856 December 28, Birth of Thomas Woodrow Wilson.

1875 He goes to Princeton.

1879 Woodrow Wilson publishes article on cabinet government. He graduates from Princeton. Enters University of Virginia.

1882 June 1. Wilson goes to Atlanta, Georgia. Law partnership with E. J. Renick.

1883 September 18. He enters Johns Hopkins.

1885 January 24. His first book, *Congressional Government*, is published.

1885 June 24. He marries Ellen Axson.

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1888 The Wilsons go to Wesleyan.

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1893 He publishes *Division and Reunion*, *Mere Literature*, *An Old Master*.

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1912 July 2. Woodrow Wilson is nominated for Presidency on forty-sixth ballot.

1912 November 4. Wilson is elected President of the United States.

1913 March 4. He is inaugurated President.

1913 October 3. Signs Underwood-Simmons tariff law.

1913 Tariff Commission established.

1913 December 23. Wilson signs Federal Reserve Act.

1914 June 28. Assassination of archduke Ferdinand.

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1914 August 4. Great Britain declares war on Germany.
1914 August 6 Death of Ellen Axson Wilson.
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1915 May 7. Sinking of the *Lusitania.*
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1916 January 27-February 3. Wilson makes tour of Middle West, speaking on preparedness.
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1917 December 11. United States declares war on Austria-Hungary.
1917 December 26. The railroads are put under government control.
1918 January 8. Wilson's speech on the Fourteen Points.
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1918 December 13. Wilson arrives at Brest.
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1919 January 18. First plenary session of the Peace Conference.
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1920 November. Harding is elected President of the United States.
1920 December. Wilson receives Nobel Peace Prize.
1921 *March. He retires to private life.*
1924 February 3. The death of Woodrow Wilson.